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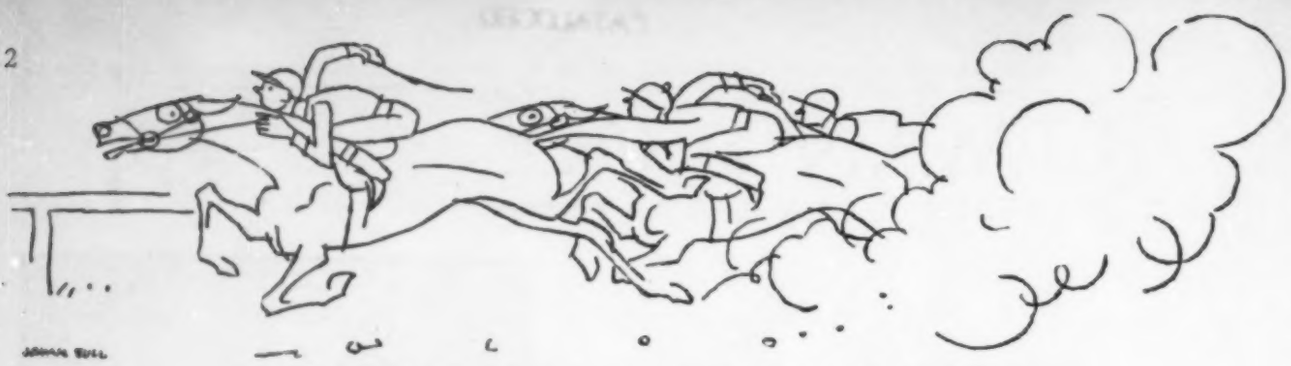

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 30. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—A well-built and well-acted little comedy about a boy whose life was governed by posthumous correspondence from his doting mother, with resulting hardships for his young wife. (48th Street, 48, E. Closes Sat., Aug. 30.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A more or less conventional comedy about a wife who gets her divorced husband back by her wits. It is by St. John Ervine and is immensely helped by Grace George and A. E. Matthews. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's play, based on Roark Bradford's book "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. A beautiful and moving thing, easily the most distinctive of the past season. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. Return engagement with a new cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LADIES ALL—An airy anecdote about a transient Casanova who wanted to be sure he wouldn't be lonely. With Violet Heming and Walter Woolf. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE LAST MILE—It may harrow you considerably to watch men being prepared for the electric chair, and killing right and left in hopeless revolt, but you should not miss this. Last week. (Harris, 42, W. Closes Sat., Aug. 30.)

LOST SHEEP—Complications arising from a former house of ill fame being rented to a Methodist vicar and his three daughters. A very funny idea, rather attenuated. (Selwyn, 42, W.)

LYSISTRATA—Gilbert Seldes' adaptation of Aristophanes' comedy. Very bold but very funny. Violet Kemble Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, and Ernest Truex are in it. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

TOPAZE—A school teacher who learned how to be a business success, with Frank Morgan excellent in the title rôle. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—A big, expensive show, with plenty of dirt and a great comedy backfield consisting of Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. Also beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Some nice tunes, good dancing, Oscar Shaw, and the uproariously comic Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Excellent topical sketches, pleasant songs, and a general air of romping, all done by the young folks of, or near, the Theatre Guild. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Phil Baker, Shaw and Lee, Aileen Stanley, and Louise Groody and Neville Fleeson will be at the Palace Fri., Aug. 22. Floyd Gibbons and Benny Rubin will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Aug. 23. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

THE NINTH GUEST—An Owen Davis melodrama, with Alan Dinehart. Opens Mon., Aug. 25. (Eltinge, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
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THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW—Sketches by Marc Connelly, Robert E. Sherwood, Corey Ford, and others. Words and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. With Al Trahan and Ruth Tester. Opens Tues., Aug. 26. (Royale, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

TORCH SONG—A play by Kenyon Nicholson, produced by Arthur Hopkins, with Mayo Methot. Opens Wed., Aug. 27. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

CAFÉ—A play by Marya Mannes, with Rollo Peters. Opens Thurs., Aug. 28. (Ritz, 48 W. 8:40 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

THROUGH THE NIGHT—A new comedy, with Helen MacKellar. (Masque, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in the Park Avenue manner.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and after-theatre dancing to Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—An attractive after-theatre place with an Emil Coleman orchestra, Rosita and Ramon, and Russell John.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), dinner and supper, with a magnificent view, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), an old favorite for dinner dancing; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . For a good view of the harbor: Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000). . . . Other roofs, and apt to be full of out-of-towners: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42, aren't roofs, but are cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the few night clubs still open are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and frequented by Broadway celebrities, rowdies, and others who hate to go to bed before sunrise; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge and a rough and elaborate revue (also open for dinner).

(Continued on page 4)

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 27, August 23, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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Bramley

Wool Bolero Dress

One-piece dress of lightweight wool crêpe with contrasting silk crêpe vestee. Brown, black or light navy blue with flesh; green or red with eggshell. This dress is entirely hand-tailored. **29.50**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 30. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

(Continued from page 2)

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Dancing and refreshments on the terrace.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—Open-air dining and dancing, with Ted Fiorito's orchestra, and a revue at 7:30 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I.—Music by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

RICHARDS'—Bronx River P'kway, Tuckahoe, N.Y.—Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, L.I.—Texas Guinan and her gang. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Go late.

NOTES—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I., excellent food and expensive. . . . Coney Island tourists in search of sea-food dinners might try: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island, or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG HOUSE—Some effective inside pictures of prison life. Slightly diluted by a weak story. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—The best of the aviation pictures, in spite of a poor story. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MOBY DICK—Talkie version of the Melville tale, of value for its fine sea scenes. With John Barrymore again. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Bandits and gypsies, and Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan, in a Lehar operetta. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 23-25; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE UNHOLY THREE—Lon Chaney in his old picture, but talking this time. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 27-29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches shown in fearless, thorough, and terrifying scenes; "For the Defense," the courtroom side of underworld activities, with William Powell; "Journey's End," the play finely screened, with Colin Clive of the original London cast; "Raffles," Ronald Colman excellent as the First Gentleman of the Underworld.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

ROMANCE—Greta Garbo in a talkie of Sheldon's famous play. Opens Fri., Aug. 22. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

ANIMAL CRACKERS—With the Marx Brothers. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—George Arliss in a movie of the Galsworthy play. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Monet, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MIXED—A little of everything from Bacon to Picasso for the hot weather: G.R.D. Galleries, 58 E. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Segonzac, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 3 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting, concerts nightly at 8:30, through Sun., Aug. 31. Anna Duncan will dance Mon. and Tues. Eves., Aug. 25 and 26, only: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Last three performances. Central Park Mall: Fri. Eve., Aug. 22, at 8:45, and Sun. Eve., Aug. 24, at 8:30. . . . N.Y.U. Campus: Sat. Eve., Aug. 23, at 8:30. (Take East Side Subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

OPEN-AIR OPERA—Every Thurs. Eve., at 8:30, weather permitting: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

TENNIS—Finals of the National Women's Championship matches, broadcast from Forest Hills: Sat. Aft., Aug. 23, starting at 2:30, over WABC.

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. and Sun. Eves., Aug. 23 and 24, at 8:30, over WJZ.

LEWIS JAMES—Tenor soloist, Victor Herbert program, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Aug. 24, at 9:15, over WEAF.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 26 and 28, at 8:30, over WOR.

R. K. O. HOUR—Gus Van, Evelyn Hoey, Ann Seymour, and others: Tues. Eve., Aug. 26, at 10:30, over WEAF.

CONNIE MACK—Interviewed by Grantland Rice, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Aug. 27, at 10:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri., Aug. 22, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., Aug. 23 and 24, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Wed. through Fri., Aug. 27-29, at 3:20 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 30, doubleheader, at 2 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

DOG SHOWS—North Shore Kennel Club Show, Smithtown, L.I., Sat. Aug. 23. . . . Rhode Island Kennel Club Show, Newport, R.I., Sat., Aug. 23.

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Show, Darien, Conn., Sat., Aug. 23.

POLO—High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sunday at 4 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 2:09 P.M.)

RACING—Saratoga, N.Y.: races weekdays at 3 P.M., through Sat., Aug. 30. (Train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.)

TENNIS—National Women's Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I.: semi-finals and finals, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 22 and 23, at 3 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 1:33, 2:07, and 2:23 P.M.)

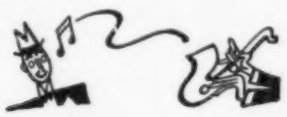
YACHTING—International races, Canada vs. Barnegat, Barnegat Bay, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 22 and 23. . . . Trial races for selection of America's Cup defender, off Newport, continue through Sat., Aug. 30. . . . Championship races on Long Island Sound: New York Athletic Club, Sat., Aug. 23; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Oyster Bay, Sat., Aug. 30.

NOTES—Two of the best swimming pools in Manhattan are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) can be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta. . . . If you want to play tennis you might try: Plaza Tennis Courts, Riverside Dr. at Dyckman; or Notlek Courts, Riverside Dr. at 119.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE happen to be in a street through which the saxophone beggars pass (the two blind men who shuffle along with that curious catch-step, one of them blowing the saxophone, the other plucking a banjo). Staring into their own particular dark, they play popular tunes, moderately well and extremely loud. The coins drop steadily into the tin cups. The crowds that line the way are dazed and stunned by encountering a saxophone that has broken loose into the public highway, playing hot and dirty. The beggars are fairly well dressed: decent sack suits and felt hats. Their good appearance does not dampen the generosity of the pedestrians; the American people like success in any form—they even like to have their beggars successful. The young stock clerk drops his nickel in, only half-ignorant that the musicians make more in an hour than he does in a day; that isn't the point, they are a big hit on the block, and he wants to participate. It is a very vital form of minstrelsy; for a few moments the block responds to the alarum, answers en masse the startling broad-daylight challenge of jazz, as they would respond to a cry in the night, or a headline announcing war.



TO survey the contemporary scene intelligently, we require a certain calm. It is our custom to snatch this period of aloofness while riding uptown in the tumultuous morning on the platform of an "L" car. The contemporary scene for us invariably becomes strangely crystallized in the bent figure of a woman, sewing a piece of goods with quick, sure dips of the needle, in a dingy window. Our conclusion is always the same: That whatever she is

sewing, her being there at that moment represents an unfortunate condition; and that whatever her mental capacity or physical unloveliness, she should not be there in that window in that bent position; and that, with the amount of sun and wind that flood the world, it should fall to no one's lot—not anyone's—to start the day too dingily, too early, too hopelessly, and too near the Sixth Avenue "L."

"IT," says an article about the Empire State Building, "is sponsored by some of the country's most astute and successful men who are interested in the project purely as a business enterprise, not as an advertisement or as a monument to someone's vanity." Come on, Walter, make them eat those words!

HOW cool and sleek, in the hot noons, are these open-at-the-neck blue-shirted patrolmen of ours! That little touch of the soft collar and the black tie, reminiscent of Whalen's springtime, tends to cool all the pop-

ulace by its very suggestion of comfort. We strongly approve. Of course, the old-type military strangulation collar was the symbol of discipline and unreasoning allegiance, as well as an aid to the chesty enforcement of law and order. The open throat, on the other hand, is the first step toward the open mind: once the pressure is relieved around the neck the blood flows freely through the brain, bringing on a condition of liberal thought. We smile to think of the possible consequences which might follow the intellectual emancipation of our patrolmen. Liberality of thought might easily swing into Radicalism and Communism, and the city would witness the spectacle of New York's Finest engaged in overthrowing the local government and trying to divide up all the food and women equally—which might be just what the place needed, and which no set of policemen could accomplish without a lot of very amusing anecdotes.

THE genial colored man who drove our taxi one morning this week was named, we noticed, Marithimor Johnson. Immediately we saw that

there must be more in that lovely given name than met the eye, although what did meet it was quite satisfying. It lulled us during a long, hot ride. Of course we meant, on getting out, to ask Marithimor how he came by such a magnificent name, but our mind being easily diverted, and there arising some confusion when we paid our fare, because of Marithimor's inability to count accurately, or ours, the matter slipped our mind. Now, on hot nights, the thing comes back to plague us. We wonder about its origin. We build up elaborate fancies to account for it, combinations of Mortimer and Marathon, of Timothy and Metaphor. We have found it impossible to dismiss

these speculations. In the midst of our work the name bobs up, and slows us down. We have to stop and sit back and speculate. This cannot go on. If you see Marithimor, ask him for us, for Heaven's sake, what it means, and let us know.

The Real Achievement

BYRD's ship, the City of New York, which has been on exhibit at Ninety-sixth Street, was visited the other day by a pleasant, elderly lady. She wandered all about, peering into the staterooms, and studying the various instruments used on the trip, now carefully enclosed in glass showcases. At the end she spoke to one of the men in charge of the exhibit. "Doesn't it make you realize," she said, "what splendid creatures Admiral Byrd and his men must be, to have got those glass boxes all the way to the South Pole and back without breaking them?"

o

THERE was a wide rumor around town this week that Mr. Simmons of the Simmons bed company was up at Dr. Riggs' Sanitarium at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, suffering with insomnia, but it proved untrue. Mr. Simmons was found right here in town, sleeping soundly.

But Few Are Chosen

ALL summer long, the big radio broadcasting concerns go right on holding auditions. People, hundreds of them, go right on trying to be announcers, singers, Amoses and Andys. Anybody can have a tryout—at least over WABC, where, the other morning, we listened in on a general audition. Three such are held every week. In radio, as in everything else, real talent rarely appears, but hope and ambition are high in the hearts of the mediocre. We listened, between laughter and tears, while twenty or more candidates for fame strutted their little minute, spoke their little piece. We heard a grocer's clerk, a broker's runner, a barber, a public accountant make their frightened, solitary bids for glory—and go home, highly confident, but, alas, to hear no more about it. Out of every three hundred applicants, on an average, only one is selected and that one is usually merely put on the waiting list. Around three hundred persons a month are heard at Columbia. That's about thirty-six hundred a year, thirty-six thousand a decade, thirty-six million—ah, well, it's terrifying. Everybody wants to be a performer.

We sat in the tiny control-room of a small studio into which, one at a time, the candidates are led. Most of them are scared; all are nervous; a few can't even go through with it. First came a tall man who looked like the late Woodrow Wilson and sang approximately as well—sang a mother ballad. He missed the half-notes, lost the key. The accompanist gritted her teeth to keep her composure. Next was a large, summery lady, whose son was her accompanist. She sang just a shade better than Wilson. Three fattish men of about fifty followed, tenors all, and so similar in appearance that it seemed as if the first man had simply gone out, changed his tie and suit, and tried again. They were equally bad—victims of the praise of friends and family. We also heard three Hawaiian steel-guitar players, and a small, pale man who recited Negro dialogue in a small, pale voice. When the ordeal was over—one verse and one chorus—the candidates were told that the committee would let them know. This is the custom. Once in a while, we were told, a real voice surprises the languid listeners in the control-room, once in a long, long while.

More sopranos try out than any others. They usually sing "The Star;" tenors go in heavily for "At Dawning," baritones for "The Road to Mandalay," bassos for "Invictus." All this shows up in the disposition of the audition committee.

Every now and then a special audition for announcers is held. Two hundred and fifty applicants came to the biggest one; only one man was taken. Most of the candidates as a rule are actors; teachers and musicians are next in numbers. At the last audition for announcers sixty-three men tried out; none of them made it. These fellows were required to read three pages of script for which they were judged on voice, diction, education, pronunciation, microphone technique, and appearance—in that order. The script started off: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We are privileged to present the most comprehensive musical entertainment that has ever been devised for the pleasure of the music-loving radio audience." Almost ninety per cent omitted the word "the" preceding "music-loving." This always happens; nobody knows why. Such names were included in the script as Koussevitsky, Gabrilowitsch, Tschaikowsky, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, and Gounod, and such musical terms as scherzo, adagio, chiavetto. Oddly enough, "baton" was the most frequently mispronounced common noun.

Moment of Depression

IT'S cool and quiet in Frank E. Campbell's funeral parlors, but it was not for that reason that a man we have heard about entered there the other day. He went in to get material for some kind of a magazine article. An amiable and pleasant gentleman came forward to greet him and when the visitor introduced himself said: "Oh yes. I've known quite a good many writers. There was one in here just yesterday." Interested, the author asked who this had been—maybe he knew him. It came out that, alas, the writer who was in yesterday had come on business; which is to say, he had passed away and was brought in. Somehow this little fact about another author unsettled our friend. He said he guessed he'd come in again when it was cooler and get what he was after.

Swell

VISIT the new Daily News Building to see where lobbies have got in the present era of imagination in architecture. This one is years in advance of, say, the New York Central Building's lobby with its Louis XIV elevators. It's more like the finale of a big revue, although the Tiller girls didn't pop out while we were actually there.

This lobby, now, is four stories high, circular, and lined with black glass. In the centre of the floor is a deep glass well in which is poised an enormous globe, twelve feet in diameter. This is the world, very pretty, illuminated from below, as if under the direction of Hassard Short or Lee Simonson. The oceans are light blue; land is buff and green; the names of thousands of cities, towns, and rivers are lettered on. The globe, made of aluminum, looks

as light as a balloon, but they tell you it weighs two tons. At first you don't see the axle which holds it up and on which it makes one dreamy revolution every ten minutes. This gives the thing the effect of floating unsupported in the air, and bemuses taxi-drivers, shoe salesmen, and lost old ladies who wander into the building from the East Forty-second Street neighborhood and turn a little pale at first, thinking they have stumbled into David Belasco's study.

As is the case with most such gadgets —illuminated cupolas, hand-painted elevators, etc.—for which the city is already certain to go down in history, it took a long time to build the world and set it up, a lot more than seven days. It took months, and called for the services of mural painters, meteorologists, surface-machine experts, and authorities on painting aluminum globes —the whole a problem for big executives to fuss with.

The globe is just one of the entertainment features of the lobby. Around the black glass walls are set all sorts of charts, maps, and instruments dealing with the weather, the time, and the heavens. On the floor, bronze lines point to the bronze names of the great cities of the world. The distance from New York to each of them is given in bronze numbers, also underfoot. Among the wall contraptions is a standard-time zone clock. A standard-time zone clock shows the time in the Congo when it is four A.M. here. You can also find out when the sun will rise tomorrow, the length of the coming day, and how long yesterday was. A resident meteorologist is on duty to keep this part of the works up to date and explain it to callers seeking the information. Also, among other things, are wind-velocity indicators, wind-direction dials, wind whatnots, and a weather map of the United States. All the wall-works are not yet in, however, so we'll have to visit the News Building again. One will show the moon in all its phases; a "thermobarograph" with a connection to the roof will show temperature and pressure; another device will disclose the humidity from hour to hour. The one we want to see most, though, is a contrivance by which you will be able to tell whether the sun is shining or not. If the sun is shining, it will make a brilliant little sunburst of its own on the floor. This device cost a lot, but is worth it because you won't have to step out of the building to see whether the sun is out. It will be fun to watch

"Naturally you write better than I can. You've travelled—you know life."

it on uncertain, partly cloudy days.

No instruments have been installed —as yet—to register fluctuations in the French franc or tell the depth of the Monongahela River.

Stumped

A NOVELIZED version of "Journey's End" has, as you know, been issued. A friend of R. C. Sherriff, who, you may also know, wrote the play, tells us of some difficulties which lay behind the preparation of the volume. Sherriff signed a contract to do his show as a novel, but when, later, he came to start work on it he found himself vastly bewildered. He had never written a book and he didn't quite see how to go about his task. After weeks of thought, however, he believed he saw the way. He wrote down a list of all the best novelists' pronoun-verb combinations: "he said," "he exclaimed," "he hissed," "he whimpered," and so on right down to "he thundered" and "said he." Thus equipped, he was, when the friend last saw him, bravely preparing to get going. Something serious must have happened later, however, for "Journey's End," as it appears in book form, is "By R. C. Sherriff in collaboration with Vernon Bartlett."

Severest Critic

MR. LOUIS N. FEIPEL, a hazel-eyed scholar, has a job at the Brooklyn Public Library. He is director of publications. Nights, however, he goes home and sits down to a popular novel, slyly taking notes as he reads. When he has finished a book he gathers up his notes and addresses a letter to the author, beginning: "Dear Mr. Lewis, I enjoyed reading your book 'Dodsworth.' While doing so I made note of certain points about its editing, typesetting, and proof-reading, which may possibly interest you. . . ." Then follow about two closely spaced pages beginning "Misprints or Editorial Lapses," going on through "Orthographic Inconsistencies," and ending with "Miscellaneous," covering everything from fuzzy pronouns to misplaced subjunctives. The author, on receipt of the letter showing up anywhere from two hundred to four hundred mistakes in his book, usually has to go to bed for a couple of days.

Eventually the author recovers sufficiently to reply. Mr. Feipel has received, in ten years of gratuitous proof-reading, more than three hundred replies—from Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, Shaw, D. H. Lawrence, Cabell, Norman Douglas, Sherwood Anderson, Max Beerbohm, Ellen Glasgow, William McFee,

"What about going to church—just for the hell of it?"

Santayana, Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, every writing person you can think of. Everybody but Conrad. Conrad maintained an eloquent silence, although Feipel managed to itemize a couple of hundred blobs in "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and "The Rescue." Shaw called him "the prince of proofreaders," and Galsworthy humbly promised to mend his ways in the future.

The bald, unconcerned manner in which Mr. Feipel lists the mistakes must be very galling. His letters (he types them himself and makes no mistakes in typing) merely list the inconsistencies, without comment. Like this:

apple-tree (195) apple tree (7)
well-known (80) well kept (158)

Where a point of English usage is involved, he uses a question mark, to show he's open to reason:

adam's apple ? should be Adam's apple

And he concludes with a long list of words and phrases headed: "Are the following as you intended them, or should we emend them as indicated?"

Lady authors, we have heard, are the most deeply stricken by the receipt of a Feipel letter. Many authors have offered him large sums to go over manuscripts of forthcoming books, but he likes his job in the Brooklyn Library. In a few cases he has acceded —he has read scripts for Fannie Hurst, Llewelyn and John Powys, and Francis Hackett. He is deadly serious about his hobby—hopes to clear things up generally. He thinks books are better than they used to be but now even the average well-printed book has one hundred and fifty mistakes.

We expect a letter from him ourself, about this little story.

Message

A FAMILY whose summer place is near Silvermine, Connecticut, engaged a Norwegian maid who proved to be practically perfect but for one thing. She had difficulty with the telephone. After certain complications over the receipt of messages, the master one day spent ten minutes impressing her with the importance of listening carefully and then making an instant notation as to who had called. He then left for the links. When he returned he found this memorandum: "Pussymeister kalup." This jarred him, but he blinked a couple of times and summoned the maid. A long and interesting cross-examination disclosed that the cryptic words stood for "Postmaster called up." The gentleman took a shower and lay down.

Four Brothers

THE Ashton brothers' polo team is worth going to see. They got here recently, from New South Wales by way of England, and have been playing special matches around Long Island this month.

James H. Ashton, Sr., father of the team, was here with a couple of his sons in 1927 for the matches that year with England. The Ashtons didn't play that year, just watched—there were only two sons along anyway. At the time, the father said he'd like to bring an Australian team here some day which would be good enough to play at Meadow Brook. This summer, three years after, he has done it —an all-family team ranging in age from twenty-two to thirty. They had a big season this year in England. They arrived there as a twenty-four-goal team, which is good, but since they got here they have been raised to twenty-six goals, close to the average of the teams that play in our highest-goal championships. James, Robert, and Geoffrey are rated at seven goals now, Philip at five. Philip is the youngest.

James Ashton, the father, has a ranch at Goulburn, New South Wales, and there his boys learned to play. Jim, the oldest, learned first. In those days he had only two ponies and so little equipment that he had to change his saddle from one horse to the other between periods. The Ashtons don't let little things daunt them. Last year Geoffrey played in a hard match although he had influenza and a temperature of 102. He rested between periods.

They began playing with the Goulburn team, which was started by British army officers. Now they *are* the team. When they went to England this year, the voyage took forty-six days. The brothers built box stalls on the deck for the horses and also a practice pit, fifteen by twenty feet, with a sand floor a foot thick—all much to the surprise of the sailors. Thus they kept their mounts in fettle. Once, in a bad storm, the wind blew over one of the stalls, pinning a horse in the wreckage. It was so dangerous the seamen hesitated to go on the careening deck, but the Ashtons went out and extricated the horse and got the other ponies, who had been bowled over by this time, to their feet. Most sea voyages by polo teams mean the loss of a pony or two. The Argentines have lost several on their trips here; America lost the famous Tenby on the way back from England in 1909 and buried him at sea. The Ashtons haven't lost any on their voyages.

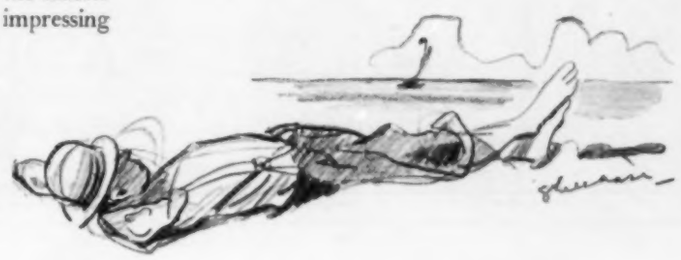
In England this year the Ashtons defeated some very good sides, winning the Whitney Cup, the Ranelagh Invitation Tournament, and an invitation to play here. They were beaten in the final of the Championship Cup at Hurlingham, the English Meadow Brook, but they made a fine showing. King Alfonso of Spain, who saw the match, was so impressed he presented a cup to the elder Ashton.

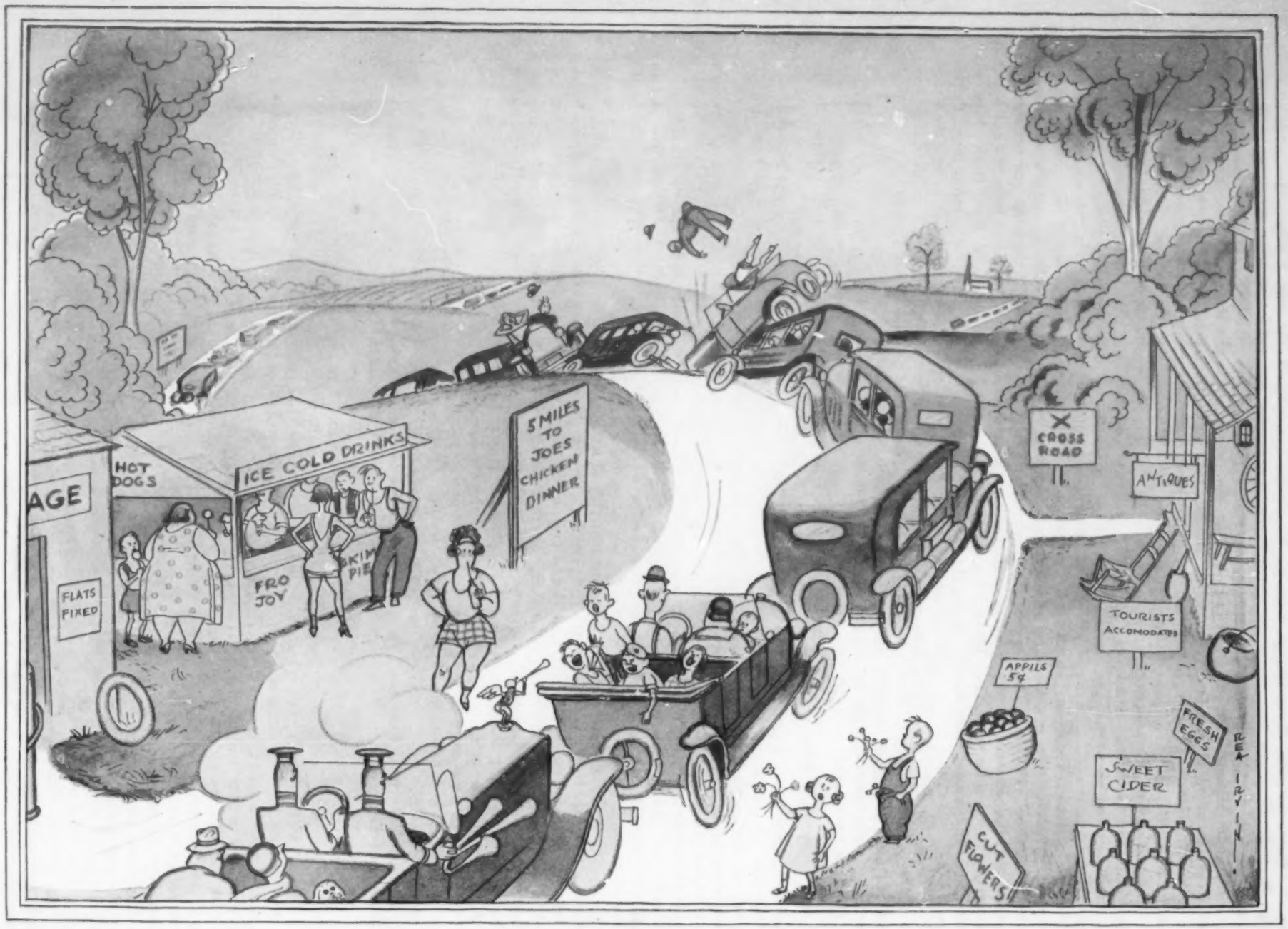
There have been several other teams of four brothers in polo history. Most of them were British but once there was an American four, the Baldwins. They won the Hawaiian championship.

The Quick Dead

WE have mentioned, and deplored, a racket which newsboys were working around town, usually late at night. The racket still goes on, like a lot of other things we have mentioned and deplored. It consists of shouting, rather incoherently, the false news of some notable person's death. For a long time, the passing of prizefighters was a favorite—Dempsey, Delaney, Sharkey. Newsboys are acute, however, and it didn't take them long to find out that nobody really much cares who passes from the fight scene any longer. Last Wednesday night we heard a new cry, in a B.M.T. train: "Clara Bow dead!" They say it sells better than Byrd or Rogers Hornsby.

—THE NEW YORKERS





COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

Going to Grandma's

LITTLE AMERYS

A DISPATCH from São Paulo, Brazil, reports the discovery there of a child wonder, Miss Amerys Mattar, who is able to speak fluently at the age of forty-three days. When her father came home and told her mother he had had to work late at the mill, Amerys is said to have remarked: "He did not; he was out having a good time with the boys."

IT is six o'clock in the morning at the Mattar ménage.

AMERYS (*from her crib*)—Hey! Rise and shine, you two.

MAMMA MATTAR (*rubbing her eyes*)—Huh? Whu-what is it?

AMERYS—It's six o'clock, that's what it is, and I want my bottle. A fine pair you are, still abed, sleeping your heads off.

MAMMA—Now you go back to sleep, dear, for a little while and let Papa and Mamma get some more rest.

AMERYS—I will not. Believe me, if I could walk as well as I can talk I'd get up and get my own bottle. What a life!

(*Papa Mattar awakens.*)

PAPA—What is it? What's the matter?

AMERYS—I want my bottle, that's what's the matter.

PAPA—In a little while, dear, in a little while. Go back to sleep now.

AMERYS—The hell I'll go back to sleep. This is the kind of treatment I get from my own father, eh? You ought to be proud to have a daughter that can talk like I can when she's only forty-three days old.

MAMMA—Oh, we *are* proud of you, darling, only . . .

AMERYS—Only my eye! Any other family that had a baby like me would be waiting on her, hand and foot. And what do I get? Abuse.

MAMMA—Now, don't cry, darling. Mummsy'll get right up and get your bottle.

PAPA—You've got no kick. You get treated all right.

(*Papa mumbles something.*)

AMERYS—Mamma, he mumbled something about me. I heard him. He said I could go lay an egg.

MAMMA—Oh, Estevan, don't be too hard on the child. She's only forty-three days old.

PAPA—I didn't say she could go lay an egg. In fact, I forbid her doing any such thing. She's accomplished enough as it is.

AMERYS—Mamma.

MAMMA—Yes, dear.

AMERYS—Mamma, when I grow up will I marry a sap like Papa?

MAMMA—Ssh. Papa's not a sap, dear.

PAPA—She's going to take after your side of the house, Dolores.

MAMMA—She is not. She's the spitting image of your mother. All her ways and everything.

AMERYS—Oh look at the sink! Last night's supper dishes still there. What a housekeeper *you* turned out to be, Ma.

MAMMA—Mamma is going to do the dishes just as soon as she gets Amerys' bottle. Amerys must be patient with Mamma.

AMERYS—And look at Papa. Look at his eyes. Drunk again last night, I take it.

PAPA—You—

MAMMA—Estevan!

PAPA—Well, I can't help it. Sometimes that d-a-m-n . . .

AMERYS—O-op, look who thinks he can get away with spelling things on Baby.

PAPA—Aw-w-w-w-w-w-w!

AMERYS—I bet he's got a taste in his mouth like a motorman's glove, Ma.

MAMMA—Amerys! Show a little respect for your father.

AMERYS—I am.

MAMMA—Well, do.

AMERYS—I'm showing him as little as possible.

(*Papa and Mamma sigh.*)

PAPA—The fellow that works beside me down at the mill was telling me yesterday that his little boy, Pepito, is a year old and can't say a single word.

(*Mamma and Papa sigh again, wistfully.*)

AMERYS—What a dumbbell he must be.

PAPA—Not necessarily.

AMERYS—I suppose you were all of five years old before you started to talk, Papa.

MAMMA—Amerys!

AMERYS—But I bet you weren't a year old before you started to hit up the bottle.

MAMMA—*Amerys! !*

AMERYS—And when I say bottle, I don't mean . . .

MAMMA—Stop it this minute, Amerys!

AMERYS—What are *you* yelling for? What I know about you! Papa, you know the money you gave her to pay the insurance with?

PAPA—Yes, what about it?

AMERYS—Well, she spent it on a new hat for herself.

MAMMA—Why, I . . .

AMERYS—Don't try to lie out of it, now. You know you did.

(*Mamma starts to cry.*)

PAPA—Never mind, Mamma, it's all right. Don't cry.

AMERYS—Yeah? Well, it looks to me like there was method in *your* madness. Ma, I'll bet the reason he's being so nice about the insurance money is because he was probably out with a blonde last night, and not with the boys at all.

PAPA (*with quiet determination*)—Mamma, can I have a word with you?

(*They have a whispered consultation.*)

MAMMA—But, Estevan, after all . . .

PAPA—It's our only salvation, dear. You know it.

MAMMA—Yes, but—oh, I kind of hate to do it.

PAPA—Nonsense, you'll never know a moment's peace if you don't. . . . Amerys.

AMERYS—What?

MAMMA—What *what*, Amerys?

AMERYS—What "what *what*"?

MAMMA—You know well enough. What, *sir*.

AMERYS—Oh nuts.

PAPA—Never mind, Mamma. Amerys, your mother and I have come to a decision about our little treasure's future.

AMERYS—I disapprove of it already.

PAPA—You are not going to have anything to say about it, honey.

AMERYS—What is it?

PAPA—We're going to chloroform you, light of my life.

AMERYS—You mean I'm not going to brighten your old age?

PAPA—We hope not, angel sent from Heaven.

AMERYS—And I'm not going to be the staff of your declining years?

PAPA—Not if I have enough chloroform, my precious.

AMERYS—I don't *want* to be chloroformed.

MAMMA—Dear, it has to be either you or us. If Papa and I had to live with you for another month, we'd go crazy. Little Amerys wouldn't want her papa and mam-

"Her house is exactly what you'd expect."

"My dear, it would be, wouldn't it!"

ma—her *only* papa and mamma—to go nuts, would she?

AMERYS—It wouldn't be any sleeper jump. I mean—oh, excuse me, Mamma darling. And Papa dear. Don't chloroform little Amerys, folks. Little Amerys doesn't want to be chloroformed. Little Amerys wants to live. I'll be a good girl.

PAPA—I doubt it. Come now, take your chloroform like a little lady. This hurts Papa more than it does you. Where's the cloth, Mamma?

MAMMA—Here.

AMERYS—I don't want to be chloroformed. I won't be chloroformed. Help!

PAPA—You hold her, Mamma.

MAMMA—Delighted to.

AMERYS—This is a fine trick you two . . .

PAPA—Come now, breathe deep. You won't even know about it.

AMERYS—Help! Police! They're chloroforming me. H—hhhllllllpppppp (*glug, glug, glug*).

ENTER *a neighbor.*

NEIGHBOR—What's all the commotion about?

PAPA—Oh, we just chloroformed our little baby, Amerys.

NEIGHBOR—You mean the forty-three-day-old talking child that told my wife she saw me flirting with two dames down by the esplanado?

MAMMA—Yes. We thought it best to chloroform her and put her out of our misery.

NEIGHBOR—Well, let me be the first to congratulate you.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

WILD OATS

"BUT why are there so many of you?" I asked. We were sitting in front of the Café de la Paix, at his special request. "Aunt Dora didn't say anything in her last letter except that you might be here soon. You've waved at about fifteen men now and you all look alike." I felt a little aggrieved at it: so much youth in Paris all at once, and me twenty-five if a day.

"Well, you *are* a dumb ox," he said cheerfully. "It's the University, the Sailing University. I'm sure Mother wrote you about that. I got in on it at the last minute."

"Oh, yes. No women allowed. I remember now."

"That's it," he said, putting his hands in his pockets. "I was going to write you ahead of time but I didn't get round to it. We keep on the run all right. I certainly never expected to find you up so early this morning. I thought sure I'd be waking you up."

"Early?" It was ten-thirty. "For Heaven's sake, don't you have to get up before that on the ship?"

"Oh, that's different. This is *Paris*." He paused and I waited for him to sigh rapturously. When I was young, I used to sigh rapturously whenever I said "Paris;" "Paris" or "Stamboul" or "Tibet." But he didn't. I waited for two minutes, then he started to talk again.

"WE'RE always on the run," he said proudly. "We got in at nine-thirty and if I had stayed with the crowd I would have seen two cathedrals by lunchtime. But I got fed up."

"I know. Buses and Baedekers, isn't it?"

"Well, that's not so bad. It's the crowd: I got fed up with the crowd. No life to 'em. The only ones that are any good are my cabin-mates: I guess we'll probably all flunk out. No, it's a good idea all right: you get eduçated; but it's a dumb bunch. Now, take Paris for instance." He waved at Paris and, incidentally, at two more of

his counterparts. "Here we are all set and raring to go and the prof is trying to make us go to the opera tonight. Can you beat it?"

"No!" I was indignant. "He must be crazy. You'd better go round to the Folies-Bergère or one of those places." It was the best I could do. I know that Aunt Dora wouldn't like it, but I try to stay young at heart. I try to understand the kids. I nudged him and said again, "The Folies-Bergère." Though goodness knows I don't feel that way myself. I don't like the way the girls dress there: fat people shouldn't wear sleeveless chiffons. Of course I'm a little critical: I used to be a girl myself.

"Maybe," he said. "But are you sure *you're* busy?"

That was nice of him. I assured him that I was busy. "You're in Paris," I reminded him, indulgently. "Paris, you know. Spring. Chestnut blossoms and divine intoxication and tables on the sidewalk."

"Well, I'm going with them to the Louvre tomorrow," he mused. "I did a little too much running away in Rome."

"I'll have another," I told the waiter. "How about you, Bobby?"

"Huh? Oh, yes, let's shoot the works. Aren't they a little strong for you?"

"WELL, no. Tell me about Rome. What happened? Go on; you can tell *me*." And I prepared to wince. I realize that in my day it was different: the young people were sheltered then. Times have changed, perhaps for the best, and we must make allowances. I have always taken a firm stand on the subject: I make a specialty of understanding youth. It's the only way to get on in the world, I always say. Understand youth. I may be twenty-five, but I try to understand.

"Oh, we cut loose in Rome. There was a girl I used to know up in Connecticut: she's there with her family studying music and she got another girl for old Holbrook and we cut loose. The way we drove around that town was nobody's business. Almost landed in jail."

"Oh. Well, where else have you been?"

"There was Florence. Nothing much to do there, so I studied. I knew some people in Fiesole—from Cincinnati—but they were away somewhere. Venice is a funny place, isn't it? Just like the pictures, but it smells awful. We had a week in Venice, but we just stayed a couple of days in Florence. I'll tell you: *Berlin* is the place."

I looked at him quickly. I know some terrible things about Berlin. I said so.

"Sure," he said happily. "We saw that fountain—*you* know."

The confidence in his voice warmed my heart, but—

"That must have been Brussels," I said primly.

"Maybe it was. I ran into a girl I used to rush way back when I was a freshman. She isn't married yet. You'd think she would be. We certainly saw the town. Look, that's the third time that girl in the red hat has walked by. What's the idea?"

AFTER all, I have a duty to Aunt Dora. "You'll be wanting to get on with your Paris, I should think," I said. "Finish that up and come along. I'll show you where your hotel is."

"Wait a minute," he said nervously. "Would you mind doing some telephoning for me? I know a girl here I can probably take out this evening—we used to cut loose at Palm Beach—but I'm afraid of these telephones."

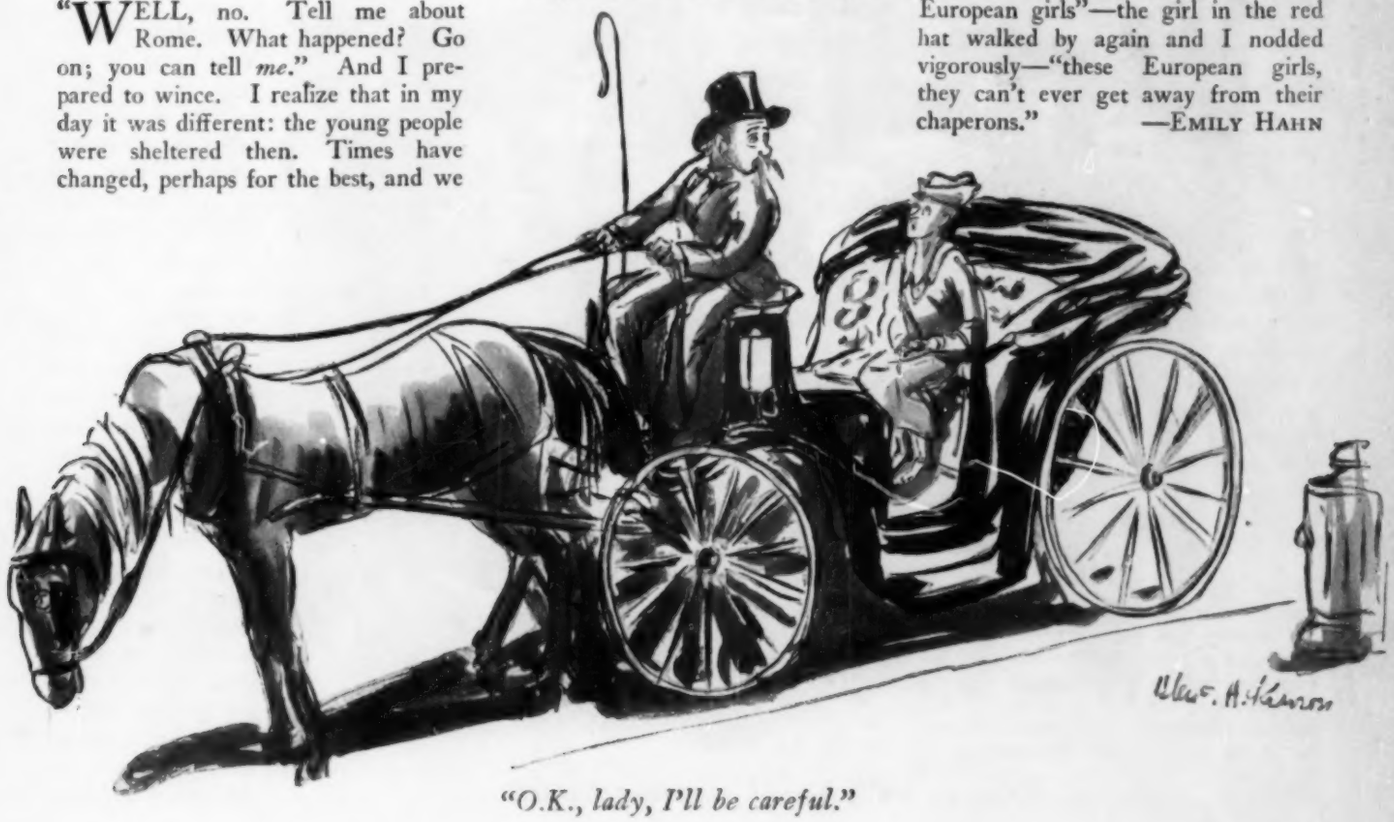
"Of course I will. But tell me something. Why do you always look up the people you knew at home? You'll never learn any languages at this rate. Why do you do it? It seems so silly."

He stared at me in amazement.

"Why, Mickey," he said. "I couldn't possibly take out any of these European girls. I couldn't possibly."

"Of course not," I cried warmly. What a relief! No wincing, no broad-mindedness necessary. America Forever! America and her fine clean upright young men. For shame, my warped ideas. For shame. "Of course not, Bobby!"

"You see," he added, leering, "these European girls"—the girl in the red hat walked by again and I nodded vigorously—"these European girls, they can't ever get away from their chaperons." —EMILY HAHN



"O.K., lady, I'll be careful."

THE DADA CITY—I

125TH STREET COMIC STRIP

"EXCUSE me please I am looking," he said. The crowd slanted past him like rain water and he with bent apologetic shoulders: making his way toward Seventh Avenue.

1. IT'S a long loud street; a (laughing: a) large red mouth wide open and (the Coffee Pot: Herbert's Home of Diamonds: Regal Shoes: Howards $22.50 Clothes: Lingerie) all the shop windows gleaming like teeth, but teeth (in the clear impertinent Harlem air) so impeccably bright, so glittering evenly that you would almost never guess they were false. No really Mrs. Yefkowitz it's a beautiful set and you would hardly almost *never* guess.

It's a (laugh: a) street laughing, but the laugh loud and insistent as when (at the Apollo Burlesk) Joe Schnozzle smacks Trixie Delisle right on her rear; or rather as when in the comic strips WHAM (riding down to work in the subway every morning and home again every evening and everybody looking over everybody's else's shoulders laughing: ZOWIE) Harold Teen knocks Lilacs dizzy with a crack on the jaw: BAM. That was Mrs. Holtzmeyer just went into Weisbecker's Market to get a rib roast 34c the lb. She's a fine figure of a woman and she lives on a Hunnert n Tent Street with a very nice apartment beautifully furnished even though it is a walk-up all the ladies go there Wensdys for the Radio Bridge Lesson but we need not bother about her: did you see Abie The Agent in yesterday's *Journal*? I am looking for my Emily.

"Yes, we really should encourage Russia."

2. BUT (he said, stopping me. "I'm in a hurry," I said) let me tell you a funny one about Maxey Lanke. You know Maxey, little thin fellow works out of Rehmer's real-estate office, lives up on Morningside Heights. ("Excuse me please," and, but his insistence perspiring at me: he said) Nice guy, good for a laugh any time you run across him, but it just seems him and his wife don't never get along. She's a little blonde, good-looking and a snappy dresser, but before she married Maxey she was a secertary in some office downtown, got around forty a week and always treated herself to the best. You know,

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a natural born spender. Well, Maxey's generous enough, always free with his money, but every once in a while she wants a new fur coat or something, and then Maxey has to put his foot down and then there's arguments.

Well, the other night they're walking down the line and she's been at him for weeks about how she wants to buy a new bridge lamp for the living-room and here she sees one in the window at Blumstein's just like what she wants and only eight dollars or something like that. Anyways, a bargain, the way she looks at it. So she says it's now or never with her, and will he buy it or won't he? Well, Maxey's been in a game the night before and got took for a couple of sawbucks, so he tries to put the brakes on, and with that the trouble starts. Well, she bawls him out till finally Maxey gets embarrassed, what with people beginning to listen, so finally he gives her a little push, and then does she burn up.

"No man'll hit me twice," she says. "Once is enough," she says, "and from now on I'm through. From now on," she says, "I'll go my own way," and with that she starts off across the street, and no more does she step off the curb when a taxi comes cruising along and WHAM: it knocks her kicking. Funny? ("I must be going I'm looking," I said.) But you ought to hear Maxey tell it. He's a card, all right. Anything for a laugh, that's Maxey.

3.

ALL day the crowds (and at night the lights the windows) go whistling laughing: and she (somewhere) among them. I am looking but (the auctioneer beckons to me: perched rooster-like behind his counter; crowing) NOW ladies n genlmn Um going to offer for sale to a highess bid-dah this beautiful TEA set all solid china in a famous cherry-blossom patten if you wen to a depahtamint store to buy ut you would pay from TWELVE to FOURTEEN dollahs for this SAME set but tnight we got a get rid a lot a merchandise will you ALL please step down this way don't block a doorway PLEASE wat um I offered for a tea set AND a gole wrist watch AND a crystal diamond ring AND a Mexican ruby necklace will somebody STYAHT a bidding? Will somebody say twenny dollahs will somebody say eighteen?

Will somebody say ONE dollah? ONE dollah I'm offered will ya say TWO? ("Two," I say.) THREE who'll say FOUR? ("Three-fifty," I say.) FOUR 'm bid are ya done are ya ALL done? Four dollahs ONCE. Four dollahs TWICE. ("Four-fifty," I say, and SOLD. I am buying all this for my Emily. She is plump and amiable: I met her at Manhattan Beach last summer and, lying together on the sand and, dancing together: her wide red mouth when she laughs and) I love her.

Or rather I almost love her. I tell you it's a funny thing but I can't take her serious and you want to know why? It's because her Ma is always calling her Emmie and I have to laugh because it reminds me of Moon Mullins. You know, in the *News:* there's a Emmie there that runs the boarding house where Moon lives. I told her once and did she burn up? ZOWIE. Is that a laugh?

MOST trains stop at 125th Street. From the car window you look down at the (grinning: like dentistry the) double line of lights. P is for Proctor's. You have a moment in which to meditate on the adventure of some time spending a night at the Hotel Naomi. Then (with a shudder of axles turning) the train starting: the street canting slowly and (into darkness running) in every apartment-house window a pink-shaded lamp is burning. Maybe you are going to Syracuse. Well, Syracuse is a nice town. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

She entered, her father leading her by the hand, dark curls flowing to her waist, magnificently arrayed (for history has preserved that magnificence) in a dress of crimson velvet embossed with birds of pure gold worked by goldsmiths perched upon branches of pearls and emeralds worked by jewelers.—*From a story in Good Housekeeping.*

Where did the jewelers sit?

OLD-FASHIONED POEM WITH SOME SENSE IN IT

Sorrow shall be their portion surely
Who will not stay where their bodies are;
Who chase, and dream that they snare securely,
Sylph and undine, shadow and star,
Loving these things of the night too purely.

With shadow and wind shall sylph betray them,
And undine mock with the mirrored star;
Shadow and wind and wave shall slay them,
And they shall be scorned by things that are—
And the Lord will not intervene to stay them.

Their lives shall be like words half-spoken
Out of the struggle and seethe of sleep;
And they shall have but this for token—
A tuft of grass and a grazing sheep,
Who will not know that their hearts were broken!

—SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

• •

OF ALL THINGS

As our *Herald Tribune* so truly says, Mr. Hoover is just the right man to organize drought relief because he was born in the corn belt. In fact he is the greatest Californian Iowa ever produced.

•

Carping critics hold that the crop situation is not as bad as Washington tries to make out. Nobody knows how dry we are.

•

One good soaking rain, we understand, will bring down the price of vegetables. Also the tree-sitters.

•

Earl Carroll comes out of his trouble with a clean name and a swell bank account. Virtue always triumphs in the end, especially if it gets a grand jury that doesn't blush easily.

•

Captain Hawks skips back and forth across this great land as if it didn't amount to much. Jackson and O'Brine stay off of it as long as possible. These air fellows make a country feel pretty small.

•

According to the census there were only 234,854 jobless persons in New York. But of course the count was made back in the spring before so many magistrates were thrown out of work.

•

The Republican National Committee is in a quandary about supporting Norris in the campaign. Probably they will aid him a little but not enough to hurt.

•

The summer is getting on and here it is the open season at Saratoga already. Reformers are gathering for their annual hunt for big gaming.

•

Well, since we last met, Calvin Coolidge has come out in favor of good health. We have not been so agog since he said it was a good idea to own your own home.

•

The price of wheat has recovered slightly, in sympathy with corn. We venture to state that the millers and bakers will hear the news *this* time.

•

The Lindbergh Light in Chicago, it is claimed, will be so bright that people will be able to read newspapers by it in Michigan. Those who cannot read will look at the tabloids.

•

As Tom Thumb courses increase in number they seem to grow smaller. There is one in Westport, Connecticut, only large enough for miniature painters and minor poets.

•

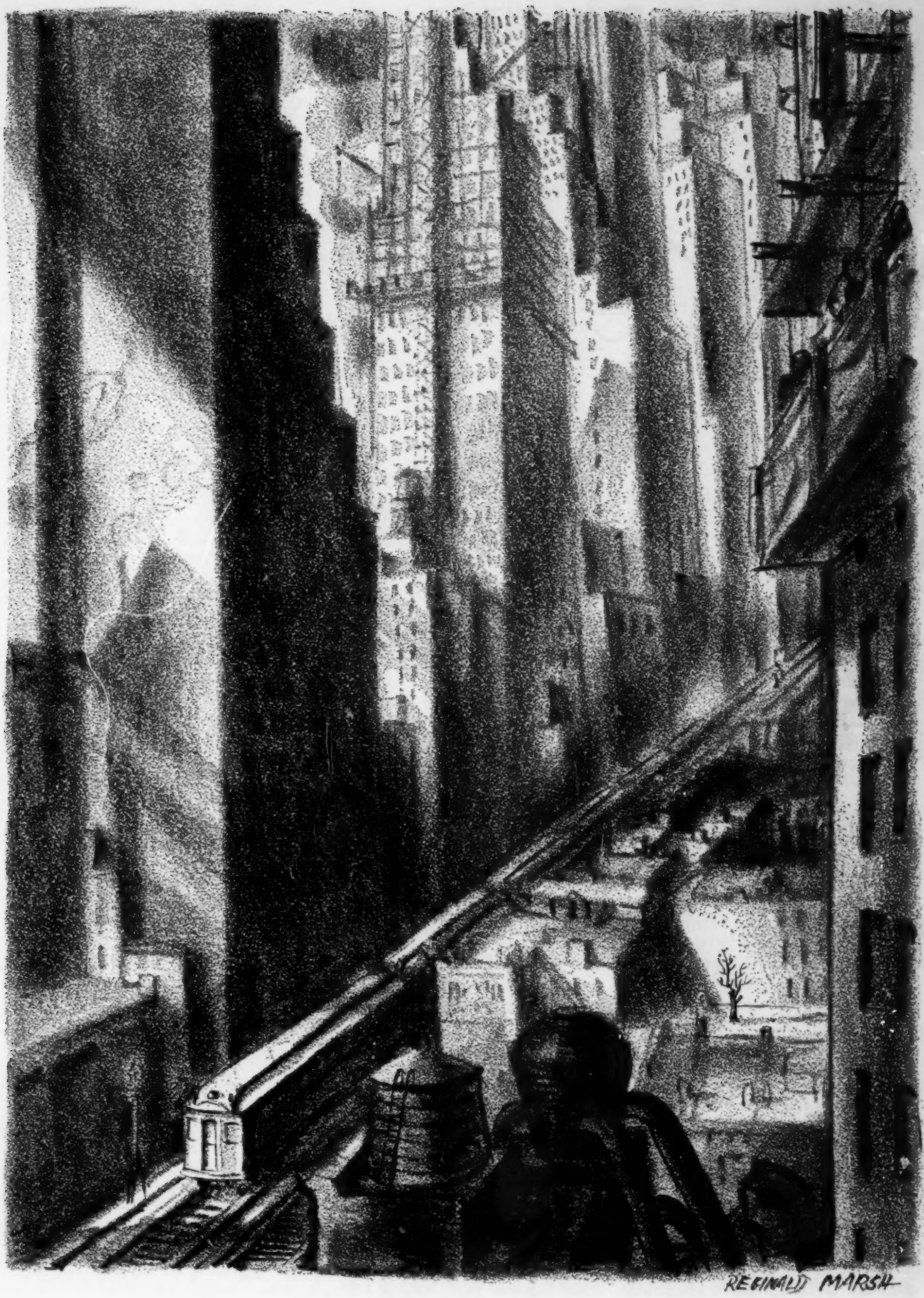
According to our newspapers, Queen Helen is reconciled on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and adamant the rest of the week. Probably an old Rumanian custom.

•

All lovers of the beautiful should spend the fall in Westchester County. The fences and telephone poles will not be decorated with the faces of candidates.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Quick now! Walk in an' ast for the ball, just like nothin' had happened."



But only God can make a tree

PROFILES

ENGLAND'S MOST PHOTOGRAPHED FEMALE

Betty Nuthall

SEVEN o'clock of a warm August evening in 1929, several hours after the final round of the Women's Tennis Championships of the United States at Forest Hills, Long Island, I happened to be standing in Tennis Place, that narrow street on which faces the West Side Club, at the moment deserted except for a long, low racing car drawn up at the clubhouse gate. In the driver's seat sat a young man, an attractive young man and, to judge by the way he kept glancing at his wrist watch, a nervous young man as well. Seven struck from the chimes in the tower near the station. Presently the door of the clubhouse opened and a young girl tripped down the steps.

She was possibly eighteen, extremely pretty, dressed all in white: a white dress over which she wore a white coat with a collar of white fur, and a small, becoming white hat. Upon the coat was pinned a single red rose, the only touch of color in her attire. She tripped down the steps, through the swinging gate, and hopped into the car to the evident relief of the nervous young man at the wheel. The girl was Miss Betty Nuthall, ranking English tennis player and star of the British Wightman Cup team. Three hours previously she had been fighting a tense and dour battle for the singles championship of the United States with Miss Helen Wills on the centre court of the Stadium before ten thousand spectators. But as she descended the clubhouse steps she was simply an unassuming and a charming young lady.

Of course this is not entirely in accord with the conventional, early-to-bed, early-to-rise picture of a sports champion. It is, nevertheless, a picture from life of a rare phenomenon, a feminine athlete with sex appeal. When she visited California in the fall of 1929 as a member of the Wightman Cup team, she played in the Southwestern Championships at Los Angeles, one of the most important tournaments in the country outside the East. Every night she went out to parties in the movie colony while the other members of the team stayed home and went virtuously to bed. Perhaps considering their respective ages this was less than astonishing. The astonishing thing was that against severe competition she became champion without the loss of a set. Truth compels the admission, however, that she is not always so successful against the ladies who take their tennis seriously.

It must have been seven years ago, in 1923, that I had my first glimpse of this amazing young lady, at a meeting outside London at Magdalen Park. Betty was then eleven; she wore ringlets down her back, had skirts that she was manifestly outgrowing rapidly, legs like an All-America halfback's, and a forehand drive only about twice as fast as Bill Tilden's. When she leaned into the ball, as she did frequently, she seldom failed to finish the rally. "That kid? Oh, that's Stuart Nuthall's daughter," they told me. It appeared that her father, who was coaching her carefully, followed every game and noted down her mistakes. Here was a star in the making.

In 1925 a tragedy came into her life and set back her progress in athletics. Her father had been and was a keen tennis player; today in the drawing-room of the Nuthall home you can see photographs of Mrs. Nuthall and himself winning tournaments before the war; queer, faded, old-fashioned pictures of ladies in skirts long enough to be in the mode today. In 1925 Stuart Nuthall had an operation for tennis elbow—a simple thing, apparently; but he never recovered from the anesthetic. Betty's father, friend, companion, and teacher in sport had gone. For some time her interest in sport went with him.

It was at this point that Mrs. Nuthall stepped into the picture. Her husband had founded and was running successfully three small hotels in and about London. Mrs. Nuthall assumed the direction of the hotels; she also took over the direction of her daughter's athletic career. She has done a good job at both. Today those three hotels have become six, including the smart Ealing Country Club at Ealing. Meanwhile Betty has changed, has thinned down from the fat child wonder of eleven to the well-built young lady who in 1929 gave Miss Helen Wills the closest match she has played since her contests against the Lenglen in 1926.

Like so many Englishwomen, Mrs. Nuthall is a born manager. She has managed her daughter as capably as her business, and it is largely to the mother that Betty owes her prominence in the world of sport. One of the few tennis players, men or women, who display a happy smile during actual matches, she has been taught this by her astute mamma. "Smile, smile, and keep on smiling," counselled Mrs. Nuthall. "First, because it gets the crowd, and that is an important factor in a big match. Second, because it helps you keep cool yourself. Third, because it deceives your opponent. They never know just what you are thinking." Betty's carefree toss of the head, that attractive and artless smile when her whiplash forehand goes just an inch over the line in a crucial point, is by now second nature.

PERHAPS it was not always so spontaneous. The plain fact is, however, that Betty is an amazingly good-natured young lady, extraordinarily unspoilt considering the flattery and adulation she has and still does endure. Crowds queue up the night before her big matches at Wimbledon, sedate London newspapers run headlines about "Betty;" I have seen her at tournaments on the Riviera fawned and pawed over by duchesses and peeresses without number. "Deah Betteh . . ." "Oh, Betteh, deah . . ." And so it goes. Meanwhile she is pestered by French newspaper photographers anxious to get a snap of "Mees Bettina Tall," besieged by autograph collectors, hounded by reporters until you would imagine no girl alive could retain her balance. As the Prince of Wales is the most photographed male in the United Kingdom, so Betty is the most photographed female. Yet she is still a charming, unaffected, well-mannered English girl, kind, simple, direct, generous, and thoughtful in all her impulses.

I happened to meet her on the Berengaria when she was leaving for home last October. Lord Birkenhead, who was travelling on the same boat,

helped her up the gangplank, Winston Churchill's two boys brought up the rear with her racquets. It appeared that she had not slept at all during her five days' journey across the continent —she later went down to her cabin and slept for twenty-six hours—yet despite her weariness, and the confusion and uproar attendant upon the departure of an ocean liner, she was the same jovial, friendly, good-natured Betty. Yes, everyone had been most kind, she had been entertained everywhere; but she liked the West best of all. The Middle West? A little—well —a little provincial. What did she like best of all in America? Honey-dew melons! She met several stars of filmland: Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Harold Lloyd; but most of the men at Hollywood were "sort of unreal . . . not Charlie Chaplin, of course . . . he made funny faces and put his hat on like Napoleon . . . you know, sidewise. And he watched me play the finals at Los Angeles and the time he missed at his studio cost him fifteen hundred dollars." She liked Ronald Colman immensely. "We're on 'Ronnie' terms, now," she added proudly. It seems that everyone called her "Betty," maids in hotels, porters in trains, and waiters in restaurants. She liked that. "Mrs. Hoover didn't, though," came as an added reflection. She said that she found American men poor dancers. She thought the Pennsylvania Station the most beautiful station in the world and Park Avenue the most lovely street. She did not smoke once all the time she was here and drank only three glasses of wine. She thought Sarah Palfrey the best young girl player in the world and confessed with some diffidence that after her close match against Helen Wills in 1929 she was no longer afraid of the American champion.

THE Nuthall home at Richmond Hill, Richmond, outside London, is a typically comfortable middle-class English home. The interiors are covered with photographs of the family; Mr. Nuthall and his prize-winning trotting horses, Betty at the age of eight, Betty at the age of twelve winning the Junior Championship of England, Betty playing last June at Wimbledon, the whole family on the beach, Thelma, aged twelve, Patricia, aged ten, John aged fourteen, and Jimmie, who is now in this country with his sister, and who, at nineteen, is carrying on the fame of the family. He is six feet two and weighs a hundred and seventy pounds, hardly, one would say, the build for a tennis champion. But nevertheless this husky youngster has already won the Junior Championship of England and critics predict as great if not a greater future for him than for his sister. In the final round of this tournament he defeated the Honourable Peter Aitken, eldest son of Lord Beaverbrook. The two families are intimate, and Beaverbrook often entrusts his son to Mrs. Nuthall's care when he is called away from home. Incidentally, Jimmie is gradually taking his father's place, for Betty now insists that he sit near the court to direct her tactics when she is engaged in a big match.

The dominant note in her game is her courage. She disdains caution, never temporizes, and her shots allow for the smallest possible margin of error. If they go in they are win-

WHEN HUMOR HAD IT'S PLACE IN THE AMERICAN SCENE
Listening to "COHEN ON THE TELEPHONE"
ENG BY JOHN HELD JR THE GHOUL WHO DIGS IN THE GRAVES OF THE PAST

ners, if not they are often out a mile. Consequently her bad days are more numerous than those of a player willing to sacrifice speed for safety. All or nothing is her motto, which explains why she can come close to defeating Miss Wills and a week later lose in straight sets to Mrs. Mallory.

WHAT if Betty does become a champion, what then? The usual champion stuff: dresses and fur coats, not to mention racquets and sporting goods for nothing, indorsements here and there of this and that, ghosted articles for the press, a clever sideline which can be cleverly capitalized and yet remain within the law? Will this be her rôle? Or will she be an amateur, to herself as well as to the outside world. Who knows? At any rate, she has the chance, if she wishes to grasp it, to be greater than a champion.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

•

BIRD

The earth is a silver bird
Caught to the breast of night.
Wind is the darkness singing:
"Hush, small bird! Fold tight
The silver wings; wild throbbing
Of that tired heart, be still.
What is a ruined river?
What is a broken hill?
What of tomorrow's passage
Down to oblivion?
The hands of night will hold you
When song and flight are done."

—FRANCES M. FROST

WITH CAT

THEY telephoned up from downstairs and said that a gentleman named Oscar Midgett had to see me on very important personal business. As this is the recognized way to introduce bonds or insurance or a summons, I denied him indignantly. This, after a long parley, drove Oscar Midgett to admit his real personality and occupation. He was a World Wide Syndicate, he said in that curious New York public-school voice like somebody cautiously reading aloud; and he wanted to photograph me in working hours so there would be Atmosphere.

My proudest boast used to be that I was unlike everyone else, in that I would rather have my photograph taken than go to the dentist. But time and results have dulled my delighted willingness. However, I have been trained to believe it one of those things you Must Do; so I told the World Wide Syndicate to come on upstairs.

He was a thin little man with a manner which was dogged though crushed. You could feel that he would deprecate his way through hell or the furthest reaches of Tibet. His first inquiry was for Pets. Hadn't I Pets—photographable Pets?

Surrendering to save trouble, I admitted it. At least, Pets—but not photographable at the moment. A half interest in a setter—now in Westchester with the possessor of the other half interest, who had also grounds to keep him in. And a spotted cat now boarding in the Adirondacks—a summer cat. But nothing here except a typewriter, and a potted Weigela left over from the last attack of influenza. The photographer looked cheated; then he brightened.

"You couldn't—ah—borrow a cat from anyone?" he hinted diffidently. "Cats go so well."

His meek, hypnotic eye fixed me. And on my way down to the pool this and other mornings I had noticed, and fortunately addressed politely, a nearly-grown tortoiseshell who had been indiscreet under the circumstances—he lived, it seemed, in the coalbin—in letting his linen show. But those parts might photograph a decent gray. I telephoned down.

"I want to borrow a cat," I told Walter, the head porter; one of the old English breed, who takes his profession seriously and will get you anything from anywhere, without emotion, if it is humanly possible.

"Any choice, Madam?" he said politely. "We have four."

"Well, I noticed a nice tortoiseshell," I said, hoping that my kind words had been treasured up by this animal and would make him more my friend at the crucial moment.

"Tortoiseshell, Madam? Yes, Madam," said Walter. Accordingly, in ten minutes (meanwhile I had been done With Panelled Background, very elegant, With Thoughtful Expression, With Lee-tle Brighter Expression, With Earrings, and Without Earrings) Cat was delivered. He was very soft and limp and horrified, and he came off on me in black streaks. I encouraged him, which didn't, and we went back to the study and did With Cat.

CAT didn't enjoy it at all. He would plainly rather have gone to the dentist. But he was a conscientious beast, all for the honor of the house. I know what his emotions were, for he was shuddering from head to hind paw, and at the same time trying to purr at me courteously. I talked to him in a flattering voice, and offered him canned shrimps. But he shook his head desolately. He looked at me and then at the camera, and then, very slowly and quietly, *ventre à terre*, he left the room and went and hid under the sleigh bed.

"We might write Dorothy Dix."

"Oh, Mademoiselle from Armenteers."

• •

The photographer and I agreed that he needed a little time to get used to us. I abandoned the chase, to give him time to reconsider about the shrimps, which I set temptingly beside my slippers, and went back. I was taken With Typewriter, and With Another Thoughtful Expression. (Women will never quite have their rights until something as literary as a pipe hanging from the lower lip—but nicer, if you know what I mean—is invented for female authors to be taken with.)

Hounded by the immutable photographer, I went after the cat once more. I had to pull out the living-room winter rug, which friends putting wraps on the bed had been tactfully pretending not to see sticking out two feet since last May. Cat had taken up a strategic position beside and behind it, sitting very still and pretending to be the other slipper. Finally I got the rug out. Then I extracted the cat—a fatalist, for he continued to behave like a slipper till the very moment I grabbed him. We returned to the photographer, who had waited till our return to rearrange slowly all his possessions. Finally I was photographed With Cat.

HE had endless possibilities. Cat Playing Typewriter. Cat Loving Dear Old Mistress. Cat (this unofficial) Trying Like Hell to Get Away. Finally Cat Calmed, Thinking of Shrimps. (This was really a masterpiece, because he was licking my shrimpy fingers with what I was assured would photograph as devotion.)

By this time it seemed the photographer had hypnotized himself into believing that Cat and I were reared together, for he said: "And what is the pussy's name?"

I thought for a moment that he was betraying us; that he was going to report the cat for being photographed under false pretences. But no.

"You know," he explained earnestly, "it has to be captioned: 'Margaret Widdemer and her Pet Cat.' And if it was a pet it would have to be named; now, wouldn't it?"

Evidently, I thought, Dickens didn't invent the actor who blacked himself all over to play Othello. But this thought got me nowhere. Oscar Midgett was waiting for his answer. He fixed me once more with that humbly hypnotic eye.

"Winifred," I said brilliantly. It came to me, I suppose, as being the name of the most thoroughgoing cat I ever knew. She had been sandy, too. My accomplice sighed with satisfaction.

"Ah, a very good name," he said with happiness, and wrote it down solemnly: "Winifred, Miss Widdemer's Pet Cat. And will it do any little special tricks for you? Any little home incident, now—"

I could bear no more. I turned on him, furiously stripping the situation to its essential truth. He heard me through, with his best attitude of being crushed and helpless. When I had quite finished, he answered me with all the pitying patience of a man dealing with a woman, and a businessman dealing with a writer—neither of which differs from a good keeper humoring a lunatic. He finished packing his black boxes.

"Now, you needn't worry about giving me little incidents," he assured me. "We have people who can do all that. Thank you *very* much. . . ."

I tried to forget. By way of a commencement I returned the beast, with his wages, to Walter, the porter.

"I 'ope I may 'ave photographs of the cat," said he, still impeccably solemn.

"I hope you may!" said I.

I set Winifred down, with a final remorseful pat, by his native bin. Beside him I put the shrimps, which, now he was at home, he gobbled up gaily. Then curiosity overcame me.

"What's the cat's name, Walter?" I asked.

"Oh, we don't name them, Madam," he said. "It doesn't 'ave a name."

I HAVE destroyed the proofs. I really look much thinner than that anyway. And I am engaging a permanent cat.—MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE THEATRE

AMORISTS AND SAPPERS

IN the ripe fullness of his wisdom, Mr. Belasco has found that the thing to flash on Broadway in August is a sexy comedy, but his 1930 offering isn't as good as its predecessors, "The Bachelor Father" and "It's a Wise Child." It is called "Dancing Partner," was originally contrived by Alexander Engel and Alfred Grunwald, has been adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, and occupies the Belasco Theatre.

Lord Robert Brummel, a young Casanova (the lines assure one that he is young, though he is played by Lynne Overman) is bought out of debt by his uncle on condition that he marry a certain Roxy Davenham and settle down. Robert, however, says that he knows too much about modern wives to risk one for himself, and consents to the arrangement only on condition that he be given an incognito to endeavor to seduce the young lady. If he succeeds, no marriage. He then enters the service of Roxy as a hired dancing partner, only to find, before the month elapses, that (under a hard flapper mask) she is a pure, idealistic girl whom he loves and respects.

As such plots go that isn't bad, but the dialogue has a chalky deposit in its joints, and is bloated with hollow sophistication. I kept thinking of those trying matrons from cities in the Middle West who rejoice in being roguishly shocking, but remain pillars of the Parents' League.

Lynne Overman, as the hero, provides his usual bland, blurry comedy; Henry Stephenson, as the uncle, makes his customary contributions of urbanity; Charlotte Granville goes down before the impossible task of making the lines allotted to Roxy's mother funny; and Irene Purcell, as Roxy, is something less than inflammatory.

Unless you're a dowager with a friend to whom you can confide, as you squeeze into your seats, that you just love a play with a little spice in it, I shouldn't bother with "Dancing Partner."

ANOTHER dish of the same sort, but far more palatable, is "Ladies All," at the Morosco, which was adapted by Elmer Harris from a comedy by Prince Bibesco.

Although "Ladies All" begins with about ten minutes of exposition which sounds as though it were poured from a concrete-mixer, the play turns into a very amusing exercise on Topic A. Unfortunately the one setting seems to have caught the spirit of those first ten minutes, but that isn't important.

Nancy, the lovely divorcée with a studio at Westport, is entertaining her cousin Ann, the victim of a marriage which, if patented, would put the electric-refrigerator companies out of business. The ladies are served by Julie, a pretty maid unhappy because of her position in life. In upon them drops Bob, a Casanova-plus who, though he shows symptoms of an honest love for Nancy, doesn't let it interfere with his routine.

Bob makes deft passes at all three of the young women and, by the beginning of the second act, one of them has slipped into his room in the darkness and after an interval slipped away again.

The fun of that expertly-sustained second act consists in finding which one of the three it was, and its curtain falls on evasive laughter from all of them.

That doesn't leave much for Act III, but all through it I was conscious of thinking: "Why this is doing darned well! This is keeping up remarkably." Not the highest tribute, but a tribute.

Violet Heming plays Nancy, and Miss Heming, who has always been one of the most charming-looking women on the stage, has proved herself to be an excellent comédienne during the last few seasons. In "Ladies All" she demonstrates it again.

Bob is interpreted by Walter Woolf, which sounds ominous if you have followed his swashbuckling course through the last ten years of musical comedy, but Mr. Woolf acquits himself creditably, and is allowed one nice song for being so good.

For all his amorous and vocal exploits, the character interpreted by Mr. Woolf is especially remarkable as a bookworm. He announces, in the most casual tone, that in his bedroom there is a copy of Keats containing the line: "Hail to thee, blithe skylark."

"I tell you the trouble is with our clientele."

"SUSPENSE," by Patrick MacGill, which opened and closed at the Fulton last week, was an imported war play whose success in England can only be ascribed to the fact that ex-Tommies, jealous of the furor created by "Journey's End," decided that they were going to like a play about common soldiers. This shows that the "not to reason why" spirit is still alive in England. For even sitting through "Suspense" the honest fellows should have been awarded extra service stripes.

A squad is put in a front-line dugout and is just making itself comfortable when from the ground beneath there

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

comes the intermittent tap-tap of German sappers digging a mine. The play purports to study the destruction of the men's nerves by the sound. Eventually they are relieved, only to be destroyed on their exultant way back to billets.

Again the general outline is good but the writing is bad; without psychology, without characterizations, without eloquence, and interlarded with stereotyped humor. Action has also been omitted from the tragedy. In fact the only thing that made the evening endurable was the whispered comment of a friend: "This 'Suspense' is terrible."

I will not expatiate on the wretchedness of the acting involved, but proceed to bestow my one desiccated bouquet. "Suspense" was the first war play I have seen which had no hint of the recruiting poster about it. Whatever the purpose of their authors, "What Price Glory" and "Journey's End" shone with the glamour and beauty of heroism in hell. They were as dangerous to the pacifism of youth as the music of a martial band. It has been my theory that if they want really to discourage war, ex-service men should say, "It was a bore," and talk no more about it. "Suspense" gives at least a hint of the tedium which was so constant a factor in the not-so-recent conflict. At the first serious threat of another war, I want it revived and made compulsory. Just now it seemed a needless ordeal.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

•

Camp 8, Winchester, Idaho.

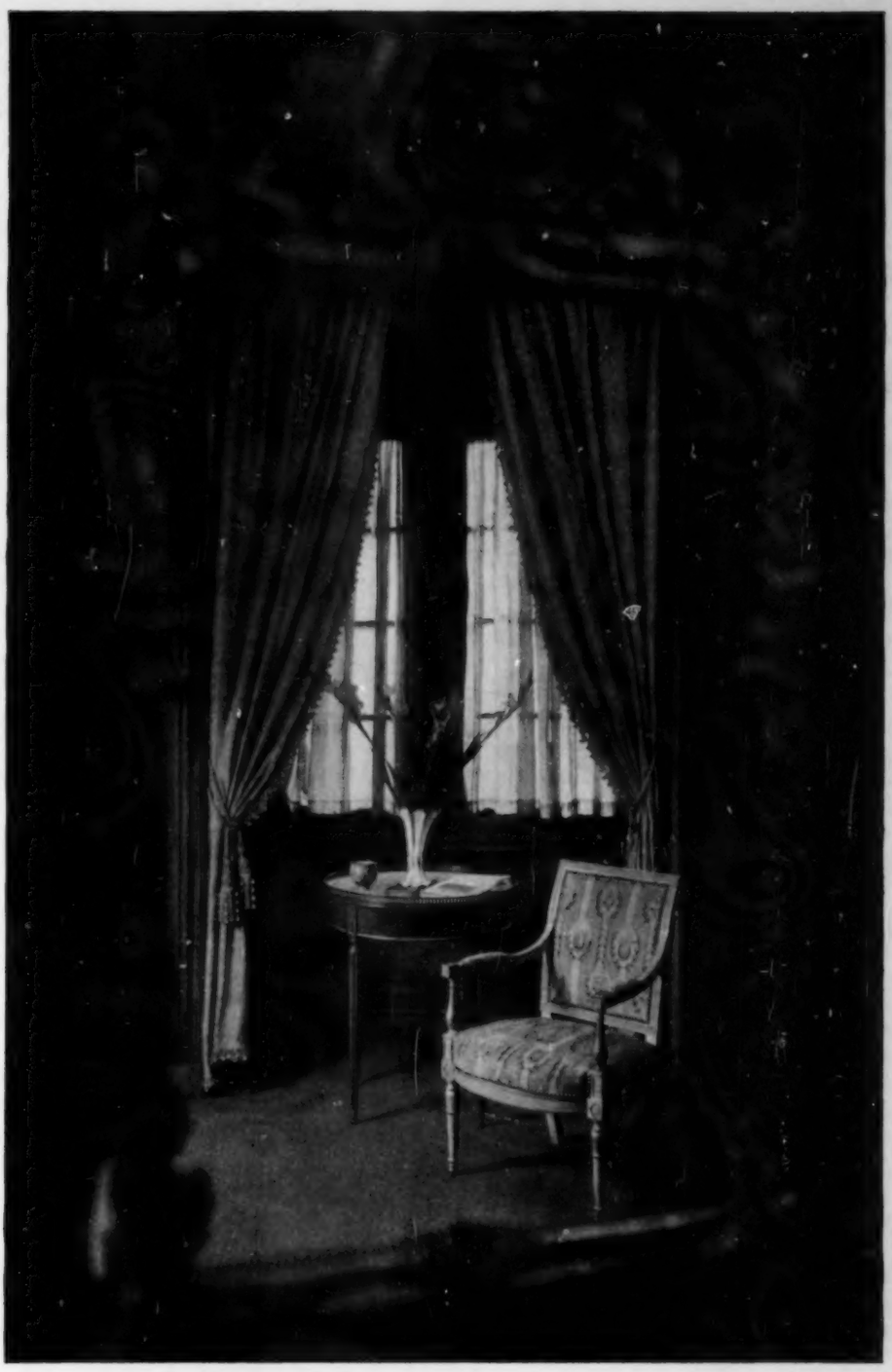
DEAR SECRETARY: Would like to join your club, so am putting in application for membership card. Have traveled over most of the western part of the U.S.A., Canada, Mexico; and know what the whine of bullets is like, as I have assisted the police several times as a fingerprint expert. Have been "on the bum," slept in jail, and begged my meals; worked on ships and in the woods. At present am working in a cookhouse in the woods studying to be a magician on the side. Respectfully, A. V. BECHTOL.—*Letter to Short Stories Magazine.*

A club is the place for you, all right.

•

Willey, police declared, was awarded temporary custody of two children, Colleen, 3½ years of age, and Leslie Joseph, 19 months, pending settlement of divorce proceedings. The Willeys have been separated for three years.—*Hollywood News.*

Really, our arithmetic gets worse every day.



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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

QUESTIONNAIRE

IT requires no exceptionally acute perception to recognize in Mr. Edison a man distorted by a long suppressed desire to teach school. I suspect that as a child he rendered himself obnoxious to the younger set in his neighborhood by his insistence on playing teacher. I more readily detect the stigmata because myself when young was such a one. I am now thinking back to Kansas City some six and thirty years ago. That was when Mr. Cleveland was president, my dears, and your Great-Aunt Matilda was running the disorderly house in Wyandotte Street.

In those days, I had an inordinate passion for playing schoolmaster, and I cannot help recalling the restiveness of my victims, in particular Waterman Stone and Patsy O'Laughlin. Waterman was a son of the gentry whom I greatly revered. I looked up to him because when the Olympians of our street would dress up and go off to a party, he had the force of character to do what I, being a poltroon even at seven, merely dreamed of doing. From the railing of the Stones' high veranda, he would spit on them as they went by. Then, too, I respected Waterman because in darkest Missouri, he pronounced "cant" as if it were spelled "cahnt." My only hold on so path-finding a spirit for my confining purposes was the peculiar fascination exercised upon him by a jig-saw puzzle among my possessions. When assembled it made a map of the United States. Through its influence, both Waterman and I shared with Huckleberry Finn the misconception that Indiana was a pink place. He would come into our house and say: "Cahnt I play with your geography game?" If I refused, it was not so much from an innate lack of hospitality as because only by refusing would I be able to indicate that I, too, could pronounce it "cahnt." "No, Waterman," I would say, "you cahnt."

Toward Patsy my attitude was more condescending and severe, for his father was only our janitor, and besides, Patsy slept in his underwear. Clearly he was not of the gentry and it was therefore easier to coerce him into being one of my pupils. I remember as if it were yesterday the dismay in his freckled face when I would bear down on him with a spelling-book in my hand. It was the whole point of the game that I would challenge him inexorably with words chosen because I knew how to spell them and he didn't. I think the essential inequity of this principle of selection must have rankled in Patsy's bosom. At any rate, I remember as if it were this morning the day he interrupted one of our games, which I was enjoying immensely, by hauling off and socking me in the jaw. I suppose that is why I keep waiting each year to hear from Menlo Park that one of his protégés has turned ugly and let fly at Mr. Edison.

THE Woollcott Questionnaire, of which full announcements will be made at a later date, is being prepared on a quite different principle. The list of questions is not yet complete, but a few samples can be vouchsafed today. Here are some:

(1) Who coined and first used the phrase: "Quick, Watson, the needle"?
(2) Whatever became of Dorothy Arnold?
(3) When did Christendom adopt the custom of recording time from the birth of Christ?
(4) What is the percentage of greater likelihood to improve in drawing down to three of a kind over holding a kicker?
(5) What is the percentage of greater likelihood to improve in drawing down to a pair over holding a kicker?
(6) Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?
(7) Is there any scientific evidence of the existence of thought transference?
(8) In what play, if any, occurred the line: "They say the child is in London"?
(9) Who murdered Elwell?
(10) Is it true, as one so persistently hears in London, that the Prince of Wales is already married and has four children?
(11) Is it true that when you jump from the twenty-fifth floor of the Woolworth Building, you stay alive till you hit the sidewalk?

Now it is the whole point of this examination paper that in each instance I am asking my prospective protégés a question to which, to my regret, I do *not* know the answer. When the series has been completed, copies of the questionnaire will be sent to the governors of the states. The boy submitting the best set of answers in each commonwealth will be invited to Wits End for the finals and the lucky little chap who thereafter emerges triumphant will not only be photographed for the rotogravures but will receive any assistance I can give him, if he, too, wishes to become a stout, middle-aged essayist.

THAT early pedagogic impulse, by the way, was still strong within me as my senior year at college galloped toward its close. At that time it was my plan and ambition to become a principal of a high school, and I even went so far as to advance upon Hudson, New York, where such a vacancy was expected in the fall. I was armed to the teeth with letters in which several members of our faculty, to say nothing of the quaint creature who was the village printer, violated the laws against perjury by swearing that I was admirably equipped for the post. One of the women of the school-board played hostess at tea, and the other members dropped in to look me over.

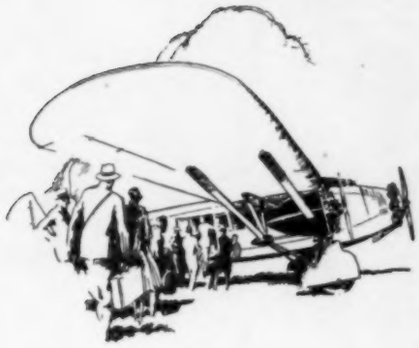
One old codger seemed to have misgivings and led me into a bay window which looked out across a shaggy garden on to an elm-lined street of that riverside town. He explained that whereas the Hudson ordinances and the state laws were formally opposed to corporal punishment, and whereas an occasion to lift my hand in anger might never arise, still the students, unaware of these laws in their behalf, must be kept subdued under the impression that I would be ready at all times to thrash them seriatim within an inch of their respective lives. Just at that moment three burly oafs, clad in the enlarging turtle-neck sweaters of yesteryear, came rolling down the street from early baseball practice. The old man looked at them pensively.

"Do you think," he asked, "that you could larrup those three?"

That is how I became a newspaper man. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

10 . . Follow this common-sense plan and learn that—

It's easy to Fly



BOUND for Europe 344,023 people crossed the Atlantic from American ports in 1928. But more than 3,000,000 boarded airplanes last year and flew a hundred million miles over the United States! A pleasure awaiting *you*. To see for yourself why it's easy to fly—follow this practical plan:

(1). *Drive out to the nearest Airport.* You'll find an immense, immaculate Field . . . each major detail under Government supervision . . . equipped with every device for regulating sky traffic. Station, hangars, Wright Service headquarters . . . as well as conveniences for passengers, pilots and plane-owners . . . are as modern as any rail or bus terminal.

(2). *Talk with pilots of the planes.* They'll tell you that American air transports *fly over 100,000 swift, sure miles every 24 hours* . . . that thousands of people like yourself pilot their own planes . . . And you'll learn that flying in a licensed ship, with a licensed pilot, behind a Wright "Whirlwind," "Cyclone" or Wright-Gipsy engine is as simple as taking a Sunday drive.

(3). *Study the ships and their controls.* You'll note the simplicity of control which makes it easy to fly. You'll mark the quality in Wright's five great motors, specially engineered for every make of plane.

(4). *Pick your plane and go aloft.* Be sure it's a licensed ship, flown by a licensed pilot and powered by a Wright engine. Then get in and take off . . . the panorama is like motoring up a mountain road . . . only it's so smooth and comfortable, that you feel no motion at all. Then you *know* that *it's easy to fly!*

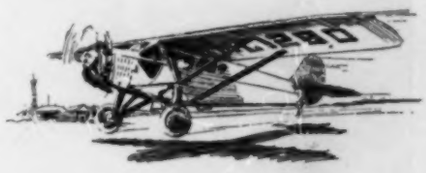
(5). *Study the ship's power plant.* You'll understand why those who make aviation history choose Wright engines. You'll see that a Wright "Whirlwind" is actually as simple to control as your car's engine. It has a self-starter . . . accelerates at a throttle touch . . . stops with an ignition switch . . . yet has no gears to confuse you.

(6). *Enroll in a licensed School* . . . as 30,000 have in the last year . . . or put yourself in the hands of a capable personal instructor, and you'll quickly grasp the principles of flight. You'll also learn construction and control as you study each part of the ship.

(7). *Get in a dual training ship* . . . and put your learning to work. A few hours of dual instruction at the hands of a pilot picked not only for his experience aloft but for his ability to teach . . . and soon you'll take command. Confidence comes to you. You learn that flying is easier in many ways than driving a car.

(8). *Solo the ship for the first time.* You send the "Whirlwind" singing . . . down the runway . . . up and off the ground . . . for the most inspiring hour of your life. You find that dual instruction has made every move of the controls almost automatic . . . you feel like part of the ship. High up and alone, you speed faster than the wind. You glide down . . . touch the field . . . come to a stop. You've learned to fly!

(9). *Then buy the ship that suits you.* Go to the showrooms in town or at any large Airport. Here you'll find a score or more popular planes which parallel the cost of quality automobiles. You'll see a sleek little sport job with a Wright-Gipsy in its nose. You'll spot a larger open job powered with a "Whirlwind," which serves as the touring car of the sky. You'll find cabin jobs, sturdily built, luxuriously appointed. A great air yacht, for eight or ten passengers . . . or a seaplane . . . or an amphibian . . . may take your fancy. Their prices are within the range of automobiles and boats. You can buy them "on time." Powered by Wright . . . you'll find them *all* easy to fly.



This is No. 10 in a series of Plain Talks on Flying. If you have missed any, write for booklet reprinting the entire set. Address

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

POLO

British-American and Vice Versa—
The Evacuation of Mitchel Field

WITH the British team already on hand for the International matches, an odd possibility begins to take on the aspect of a probability. It is quite likely that Great Britain will be represented by three men who learned a great deal of their play in the United States and South America, and that America will be represented by a team containing two sons of English fathers and a third player who learned a good deal of his polo on the various fields around London.

Eric Pedley's parents came to California from England, at a time when British capital was building ranches and laying out extensive orange groves. His grandfather had won the British Derby and his father had played British polo. The son, now a man of thirty-four with three children of his own, was born here and is quite American in manner and speech, but he admits that he took up polo because of his inherited love of horses.

Winston Guest, of course, is the son of Captain the Honourable Frederick E. Guest, long a figure in British polo, and though his mother is an American, young Guest is far more English in speech and mannerisms than some of the members of the visiting team.

Young Earl Hopping played much of his first polo while his father, the veteran Earl W., was living in London.

IT is probably stretching the point a bit to say that the elder Roark, Captain Pat, learned his polo here. He had played a good deal in Ireland and in the British army. However, it was not until he had visited here with Laddie Sanford's Hurricanes that he became England's best-known player. His brother Aidan, incidentally, was only a mediocre player until he spent a year or so in this country.

Then there is Gerald Balding, another Irishman, whose polo, while not actually learned here, most certainly matured during his years of play at the Rumson Country Club, where he was active in the revival of that club's importance as a centre of the game.

Louis Lacey's career on this side of the Atlantic is almost as well known as Tommy Hitchcock's. Born in Canada, Lacey went to South America as a boy, but he has been a frequent visitor here, playing with both Argentine and British teams. His game was learned in the Argentine, with the help of an occasional trip to London.

JUST as the International practice games got under way, an Army team loaded some pony vans at Mitchel Field and headed for Rumson, and for the sixth Junior championship that the Army has won.

There were two veterans of other Junior championships on this year's team, Captains C. A. Wilkinson and Peter Rodes, and two newcomers, Lieutenants McDonald Jones and Homer Kiefer. Jones will be remembered as the slim man with the soft, Carolina voice who rode so well with Winston Guest's Optimists during the indoor season. Kiefer is a product of the Sunday games at Governors Island and Fort Hamilton.

The Army is well able to cope with the polo played in the Junior tournaments. That's been proved through the past eight years or so. For some reason, though, the Army can't seem to go much farther. Rodes and Wilkinson, and before them Louie Beard, Jingle Wilson, and Charlie Gerhardt, loomed as players of near-International rating, and they played some very fine polo. Then the Army began sending teams into the Open, the highest of the championships. They did pretty nicely, but before they could get really going, some one apparently decided that wars are not to be won on the playing fields of Meadow Brook, for the concentration of officers at Mitchel Field, merely to play polo, came to an end. Given just a little more time and experience these hard-riding, often wild-riding, officers might very easily have brought to the Army this year a senior championship to put

two thousand feet above the sun-baked highway, where tri-motored "Club Cars of the Air" glide serenely to

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alongside of the six Junior Championships which they already own.

THOSE Sunday afternoons at Fleischmann Field: Earl Hopping wearing a huge, farmer's straw hat. . . . Cocie Rathborne persuading the orangeade girls to serve him ahead of the crowd at the soda bar. . . . Stewart Iglehart striding about in flapping linen trousers.

At Piping Rock: Jock Whitney sitting astride the hood of a Rolls-Royce. . . . Charlie Schwartz conferring with Tommy Hitchcock between periods. . . . Wesley White arriving breathless, after being lost on the way out. . . . Raymond Guest holding his brother's mallets, cheering good play by others, discreetly silent at Winston's. . . . Winston Guest and Jimmie Mills thanking Harold Talbott for lending them ponies. . . . Two of the Ashton brothers walking across the field, arm in arm, in step, and dressed exactly alike. . . . The players audibly resenting the new colored hats to be worn for identification. . . . The spectators equally audibly expressing their satisfaction over the change.—MARTINGALE

•

THE MOSQUITO

He comes, my midnight cavalier,
To play his demon mandolin.
No window bar can keep him out
When he determines to get in.
About the contours of my ear
He picks an eerie little tune;
I risk an eye to see him rise
In silhouette against the moon.

He's cunning, dark, and midget size;
Alas, Don Pedro, I'm afraid
A slap will be your sole reward—
I do not like your serenade.
'Tis done. The tiny soul has fled,
No more his light adagio soars.
Too bad, old dear, but you're a pest—
I never cared for troubadours!

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

•

A girl in Boston lost $2,000 the other day, and it was the most profitable experience of her life. She had spent ten cents for a lottery ticket. (Query: Why is such bare-faced gambling allowed?) Her ticket bore the lucky number and won the prize of $2,000. But, luckily for her, she sent the ticket to the laundry, in her apron pocket, and it could not be found. If she had gained all that money for ten cents, she might have become a confirmed gambler. As it is, she has had a lesson in the folly of chance.—*Christian Herald.*

Uh huh, and she has a nice clean apron, too.

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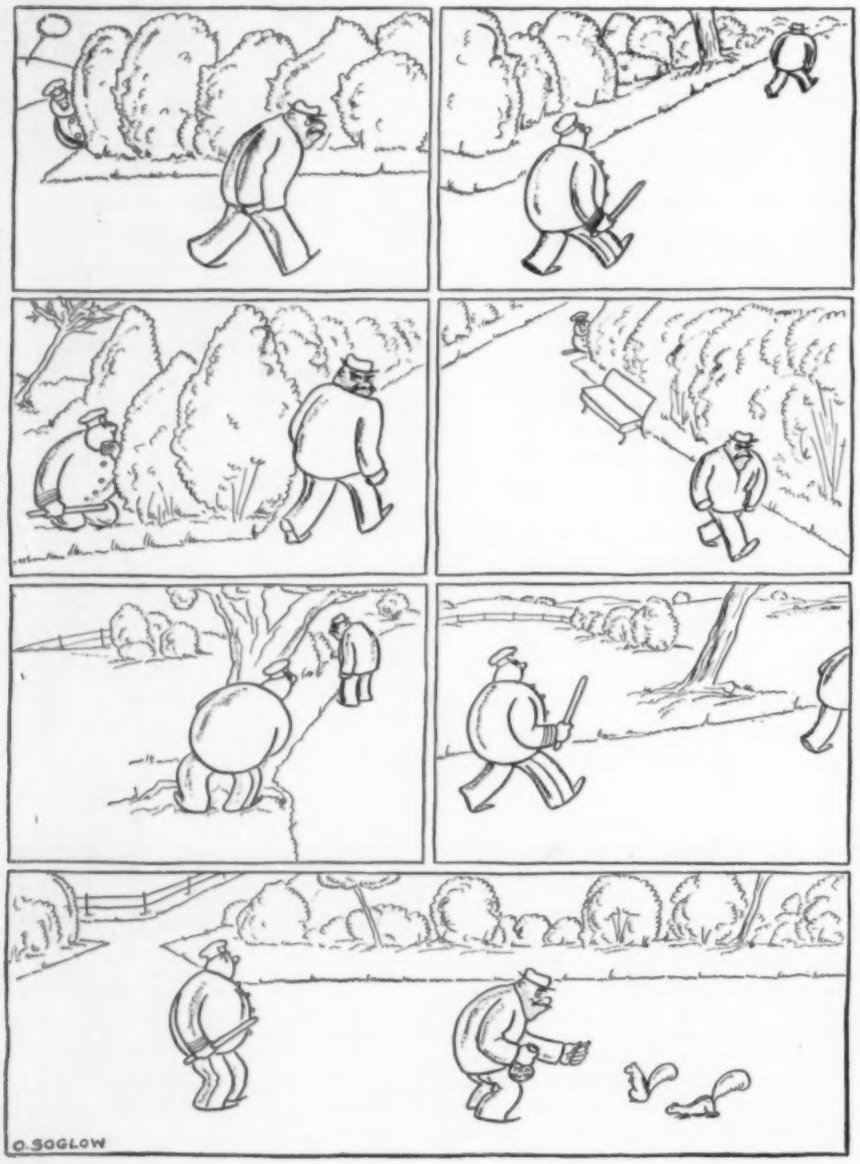
THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE SLAVE PLOT OF 1741

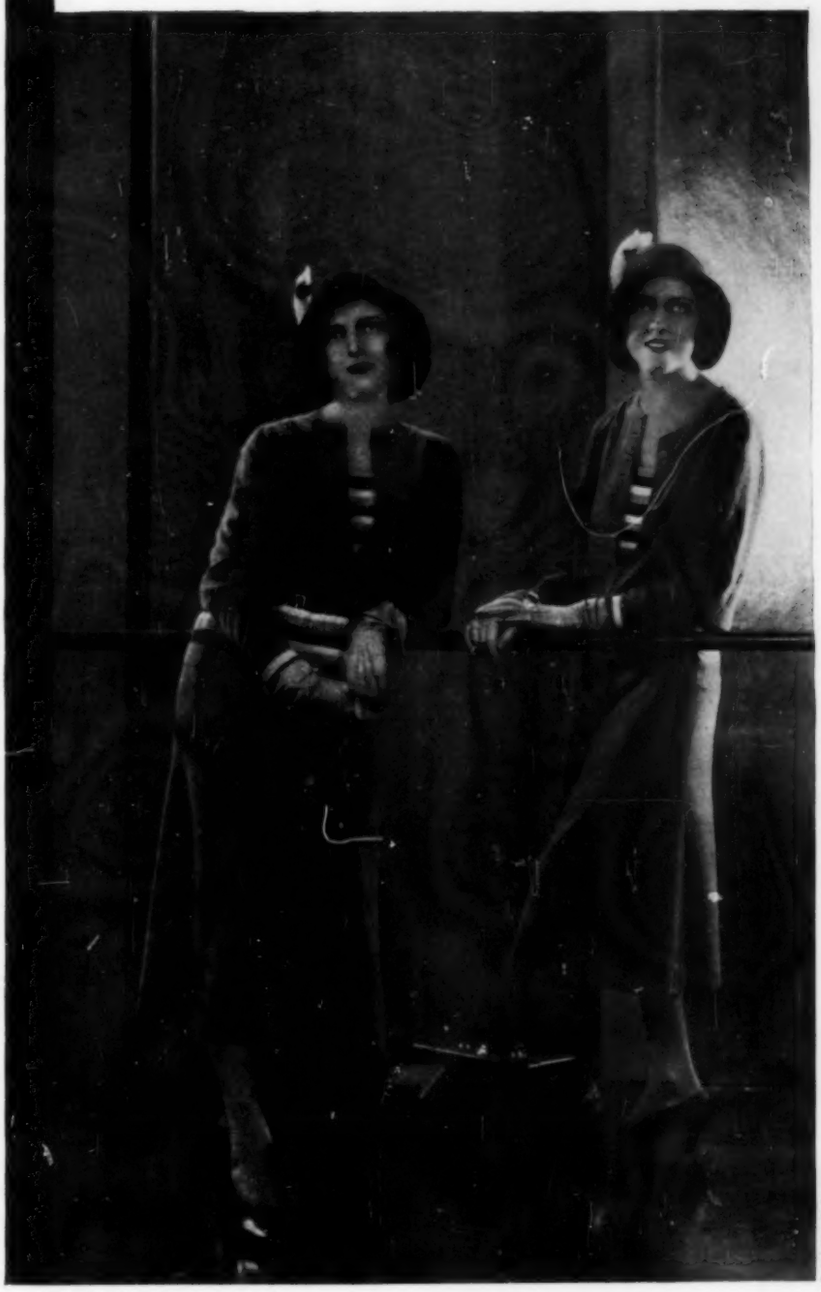
ONE of the most famous of the old wells from which New York obtained its water during the first half of the eighteenth century was Comfort's Tea-Water Well in the vicinity of the present Liberty Street, a hundred yards or so from the shore of the Hudson River. Comfort's Water was much used by the rich inhabitants of that part of the city, who sent their slaves to the well with kegs, hogsheads, and pails, so that in time it became a popular rendezvous of the Negroes. It was, indeed, about the only place in New York where they could gather in large numbers without fear of punishment, for many stringent laws regulated their conduct. If three Negroes were seen together upon a public highway, each received forty lashes on his bare back; and if a slave was discovered with a club or other weapon, elsewhere than on his master's premises, he was likewise whipped. These and similar laws had been enacted during the excitement which followed the Negro Rebellion of April 6, 1712, when fifty or more slaves set fire to a house near the present line of Maiden Lane, and then, hidden in an orchard, killed nine white men who ran to extinguish the flames. Soldiers from the Fort drove the Negroes into the woods and swamps east of the present City Hall Park, and next day all were captured but six, who committed suicide. Twenty-one were legally executed, and the remainder were flogged and imprisoned.

In 1741, some thirty years after the Negro Rebellion, the population of New York was about ten thousand persons, of whom at least one-fifth, or approximately two thousand, were Negro slaves. There were, in addition, about two hundred Indian slaves. Near Comfort's Tea-Water Well in that year, on the site of No. 10 West Street, was a low groggery for Negroes, kept by a shoemaker, a white man named John Hughson. With him lived his wife; their daughter, Sarah; a woman variously known as Margaret Salingburgh and Peggy Kerry; and a sixteen-year-old girl, Mary Burton, who had been bound to Hughson as a servant. The shoemaker's groggery was a favorite resort of the Negroes, and under his direction they formed themselves into clubs, called the Free Masons, the Smith Fly Boys, the Long Bridge Boys, and the Geneva Club, the last being the name of a brand of gin of which they were especially fond. Members of these bands, which were probably the first criminal gangs ever to operate in New York, stole whatever they could lay their hands upon and brought the loot to Hughson, who disposed of it and pocketed a major share of the proceeds. How many Negroes actually belonged to these clubs was never known, but the number was estimated at from three hundred to one thousand. So far as the old records show, the memberships of the organizations included no Indians.



EARLY in 1741 an English man-of-war brought into port a captured Spanish ship, and several Negro members of the crew were sold as slaves. They were sullen and intractable, and although often flogged, they repeatedly threatened to kill their masters and destroy the city. They soon began to frequent Hughson's groggery, and became the leaders of his bands of thieves. Almost immediately there was a noticeable increase in the number of robberies, but none of any great importance occurred until February 28, 1741, when several pieces of valuable silverware and a considerable sum in silver money were stolen from a house at Broad and South William Streets. Within the next twenty-four hours Mary Burton, who hated her master, confided to a neighbor that Hughson had often employed Negroes to steal for him. This information reached the ears of the authorities, who promptly ordered the arrest of Hughson, his wife

THESE charming young frocks, worn by the Little Shop Twins, are of sheer wool. They're in brown and chartreuse or black and chartreuse, two smart and very wearable color combinations. (36.75 each.) The Little Shop itself, in case you haven't happened on it, is a bright, quiet little room tucked away in a corner of the big busy Third Floor. In it you'll find the choicest of the new fashions at prices incredibly modest.



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Gentlemen going to business

NEW YORK, 1930

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LIVE IN TUDOR CITY AND WALK TO BUSINESS

**Standing in its own green parks—4 minutes' walk from Grand Central. Its many conveniences include Miss Traver's Tudor City School and indoor and outdoor playgrounds. Apartments, hotel and housekeeping, 1 to 5 rooms from $75 to $210.* Fred F. French Management Co., Inc., Renting Office East End of 42nd Street to 5 Prospect Place. (Vanderbilt 8860-4801)

and daughter, Mary Burton, the woman known as Peggy Kerry, and two Negroes, Prince and Caesar. The slaves were accused of the actual robbery, and the others of receiving the stolen goods, which were found hidden in the shoemaker's attic.

SOME three weeks later, on March 18, 1741, a wild and blustery day, fire was discovered in the Governor's House in the Fort, a little south of the present Bowling Green. Fanned by a strong southeast wind, the flames soon destroyed the building and spread to the chapel and half a dozen smaller structures, destroying them also. Then, in rapid succession, seven more fires occurred, and live coals were found beneath a haystack in a coach-house in Broadway. All of these fires occurred within a period of less than two weeks, all were suspicious, and one at least was obviously of incendiary origin. Nevertheless, New York felt no particular alarm until a Mrs. Earle, who lived in Broadway, told several friends that on the Sunday after the fire in the Fort she had seen three Negroes swaggering up the street in open defiance of the law, and had heard one exclaim gleefully: "Fire! Fire! Scorch! A little more mebby by and by!" She identified him as a slave named Quack, owned by a merchant. He was immediately arrested and tortured, but denied any knowledge of the fires. He said that he had been rejoicing over the capture of Porto Bello by an English fleet, news of which had just reached New York. He was unable, however, to explain why he had employed such unusual expressions, and so he remained in jail; and when a rumor spread that a slave had been seen to jump from a window of one of the burning houses, the authorities ordered the arrest of every Negro who could not tell a satisfactory story. Within a few days one hundred and fifty-four had been lodged in jail—and New York, always afraid of its Negro population, plunged headlong into one of the most sensational scares of its history.

Stories of every degree of wildness were soon in general circulation, and it was not long before the authorities began to hear vague rumors of a plot to burn the city and massacre the white inhabitants. On April 11, 1741, the Common Council offered one hundred pounds' reward and a full pardon to anyone who would reveal the details of the supposed conspiracy, and Mary Burton, languishing in prison for her master's crimes, immediately told half

a dozen different stories, in all of which she said that Hughson, the women, and the Negroes had held many secret meetings in the shoemaker's groggery, at which they had made plans to burn the city, divide the white women among the Negro slaves, and torture and kill the men. She said, moreover, that once New York had been destroyed, the Negroes intended to set up a new colony, with Hughson as king and the Negro Caesar as governor. Soon afterward a white man, who had been jailed for stealing property belonging to the Lieutenant-Governor, gained his freedom by corroborating Mary Burton's story, though with some difference in detail. Both Mary Burton and the white prisoner said that the New York slaves expected aid from the Negroes of Long Island, who, according to their testimony, had formed a company and were secretly drilling with arms stolen from their masters. No evidences of such an organization, however, were ever found. Several Negroes, under torture, confessed to complicity in the plot, but repudiated their confessions when the authorities refused to release them in accordance with the offer of the Common Council.

PUBLICATION of these weird allegations threw New York into a condition of hysterical terror, and a few of the more timorous citizens promptly packed their belongings and fled into the country beyond Chambers Street, then the northern limit of the city. The panic was contagious, and soon a large part of the white population of New York, with vehicles of every description piled high with household goods, was streaming along the roads leading to the farms in the vicinity of the present Canal Street, and northward to the upper tip of Manhattan Island. In May the fears of the people were further increased by the burning of seven barns in one morning at Hackensack, across the Hudson in New Jersey, for which two Negroes were burned at the stake. As the torch was applied one confessed that he had fired three of the buildings; the

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The shades of her Humming Bird Hose are not chosen at random. She has softly muted tones for class and campus, a few pastels for her frivolous hours. Her several pairs create the effect of twice their number.

Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hosiery is going to college this Fall with its threads more tightly twisted, its stitches firmer and finer, its fabric clearer and its colors more charmingly youthful than ever before.

Select now from the early Fall showing in the better class stores.

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For Squibb's replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin. Squibb's keeps your face glowing with comfort. Whereas most shaving creams absorb the skin's pliant oils. Leave your face feeling parched and dry.

You can feel the difference. The comfort of a *double-action* shave is a *lasting comfort.*

You'll find Squibb's Shaving Cream at all drug stores.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

other maintained his innocence to the end. Meanwhile the New York authorities were continuing their investigations, and on April 21, 1741, a score of the prisoners were brought to trial in the Supreme Court. On Mary Burton's evidence alone Hughson, his wife and daughter, Peggy Kerry, and the Negroes, Prince and Caesar, were quickly convicted. Hughson's daughter was eventually pardoned on condition that she leave New York, but sentence of death was pronounced upon the others by the Chief Justice, who thus addressed the shoemaker:

"Thou vile wretch! Your hypocritical, canting behavior upon your trial, your protestations of innocence, your dissimulation before God and man, will be no small article against you at the Day of Judgment. For what saith the Word? They that have done evil and die impenitent shall be thrown into the infernal lake of fire and brimstone, together with the Devil and his accursed spirits, where the worm never dieth and the fire will never be quenched. In this torment you must remain under the most bitter weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, time without end."

The executions began on May 11, 1741, when Prince and Cæsar were hanged in the presence of several thousand excited citizens, many of whom had returned to the city for the occasion. Hughson was repeatedly urged to confess, but insisted that he knew nothing of the conspiracy, and said that he did not doubt that some remarkable sign would be forthcoming to prove his innocence. When he was taken in a cart to the scene of execution at the Battery he stood all the way, pointing toward heaven with one finger, as if to summon the celestial hosts to his assistance. But the expected miracle failed to materialize, and he was duly hanged on June 12, together with his wife and Peggy Kerry. After their deaths both Hughson and the Negro Caesar were hung in chains on a gibbet, a sort of gallows without a trap, upon which executed criminals were displayed as a noisome warning to evildoers.

DURING the week that followed the twelfth of June, more than a dozen Negroes were convicted and hanged. Two were burned at stakes set fifty feet apart near the present site of City Hall Park, then a meadow, and several others died in the flames a hundred yards farther north, near the present City Hall Place. On June 19,

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . it's time for

BETWEEN • THE • ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

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Arthur Gilmore INC.

1741, a pardon was again offered to all who would confess, and Mary Burton made her position even more secure by suddenly remembering that John Ury, a Catholic school teacher, had been involved in the plot. She testified that she had often seen him at Hughson's groggery in conference with the shoemaker and the Negroes, and that she had heard him urge the slaves to burn every house in New York. Ury was arrested, and tried not only for engaging in the conspiracy, but also for officiating as a priest in violation of a law passed in 1700 to drive the French missionaries out of the Indian country. The evidence against him was slight, but the judges were greatly impressed by a letter from General Oglethorpe, who had written from Georgia that the Spaniards had planned to destroy every English town on the American continent, and had employed many Catholic priests to assist in the scheme. Ury was soon convicted, and was hanged on August 29, 1741.

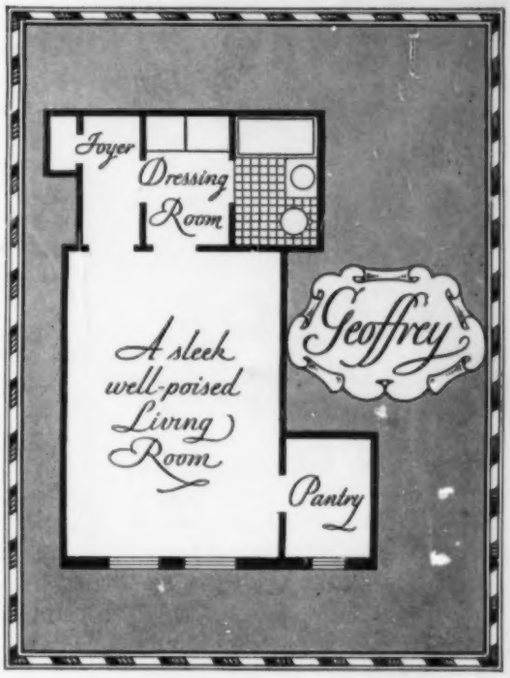
He was the last person to be executed. Emboldened by her successes, Mary Burton began to make absurd accusations against various persons of consequence, and even declared that some of the judges of the Supreme Court, as well as other colonial and municipal officials, had been boon companions of Hughson and the Negroes. Such charges were obviously preposterous, and both the people and the authorities began to realize that none of the evidence upon which so many persons had been sent to their deaths had been conclusive, and that in all likelihood the conspiracy had never existed save in the fertile imagination of Mary Burton. Within a short time after the hanging of Ury the investigation was abandoned, and the prisoners who remained in jail were released. But enough mischief had already been done—four white persons had been hanged, and twenty others had been imprisoned; fourteen Negroes had been burned at the stake, twenty had been hanged, and seventy-one had been transported to other colonies. —HERBERT ASBURY

•

Miss Lucy Fulton of Carthage, N.Y. and Miss Ada Vaughn drove from Yonkers through the Catskills in a Pierce Arrow one day last week to the lilt of the blackbirds winging and the meadow larks singing. The following day Miss Fulton and Miss Vaughn spent several hours in Cooperstown.—*Richmondville (N.Y.) Phoenix.*

To the merry whistle of the mechanics adjusting?

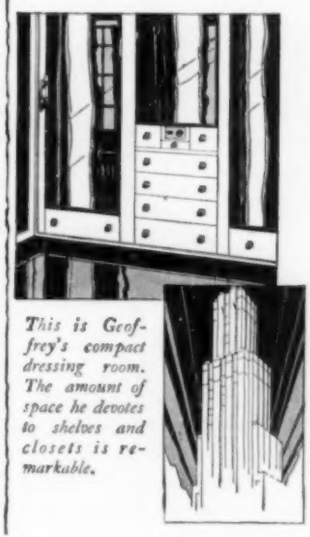
HERE IS AN APARTMENT WITH A PERSONALITY —*we've named it* GEOFFREY



WHY name an apartment? Because these at The Town House are all as different and as individual as people.

Take Geoffrey for example. He's a very self-contained, sophisticated one room apartment . . . From the moment you enter his foyer and hang your coat in his big closet, you will want to know him better. He is masculine and modern. He likes everything right at hand. His dressing room is a neat affair, with a dressing stand for precise tie adjusting, closets and shelves. He is hospitable—will serve you dinner from his perfectly equipped pantry. It has a gas stove, silent gas refrigerator and all that. Or he will make you comfortable for the night by rolling out a wide bed.

Always the perfect host, he probably won't point out all these: the adjustable shaving lights and shower mixer in the bath; polished cork floors; chromium fixtures; khrome marble baseboards; efficient ventilators in bath and pantry. The gas for the refrigerator and the maid service are included in Geoffrey's rent. If you're living spiritually as well as physically in 1930 you'll want to meet Geoffrey. You'll find him at The Town House, and we'll introduce you.



This is Geoffrey's compact dressing room. The amount of space he devotes to shelves and closets is remarkable.

THE TOWN HOUSE

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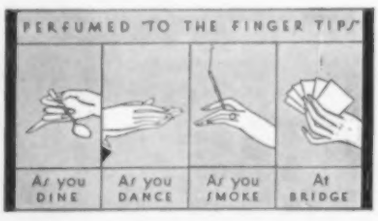
Now it is possible! For Coty, the world's foremost perfume genius, has created a wonderful new polish.

As you use it, you are conscious only of fragrant Coty Perfume—gentler, finer cosmetic-type ingredients that give your fingertips a flattering new perfumed brilliance.

A single coat of Coty Perfumed Polish gives the nails a more natural tint. Its smoother brushing qualities save time. The lovelier crystal finish of your nails lasts a week or more. The polish does not chip, peel, or make the nails brittle.

Four Shades; Clear, Medium, Deep or Extra Deep—$1.00. Perfumed Polish and Solvent Combination $1.50 at the better shops everywhere.



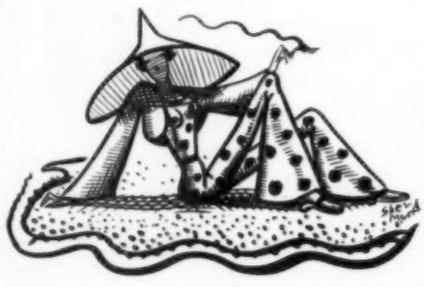
PERFUMED
MANICURE
COTY

NEW DAY

West Seventy-second Street looked cheerful and active. It always looked active by the time she got up, but not always cheerful. Almost always the sun was shooting across from the Park at the moment when she went over to the window and looked out. Sometimes she pulled down the blinds and shut out the light. That was on mornings—or noons—when light hurt her eyes. But she had been almost abstemious of late, so that she invariably took her mood from the cheer or drear of the street as she first saw it. This morning it was nice.

She lit a cigarette and sat sidewise on the windowsill, not thinking of anything much, but observing that there went three Cadillacs in a row, then an Isotta-Fraschini, then another Cadillac. They must be selling an awful lot of those Cadillacs. They were made by General Motors. She wished she had about, well, say five hundred thousand dollars in General Motors. Say she got six per cent of five hundred thousand, that would be, six fives are thirty . . . thirty thousand a year. That wasn't a thousand a week, but she guessed General Motors ought to pay a lot more than six per cent, so if she had half a million dollars' worth of that stock she guessed it ought to bring her a thousand a week. That wasn't much, though. Still, it was enough. She'd never have to worry if she had a thousand a week, guaranteed, for the rest of her life.

Well, she finished her cigarette quickly, as though she had had a sudden inspiration. She took off what she had on, then began pulling on stockings. She put on a brassière—brazeer—and a step-in, then a thing to hold up her stockings. She decided not to take a bath, because she might find somebody to go swimming and she'd take a shower before she went in the water. She went to the bathroom, washed her face, then came back to her bedroom and made up. She ran her tongue across her teeth while she was powdering her nose and quickly got up, went back to the bathroom and scrubbed her teeth, which were just a little smallish, but pretty and even. Fourteen years ago they belonged in such a face as hers was, and even now she could throw back her head and laugh heartily, confident that nobody would mind the single porcelain filling in one bicuspid.



She finished dressing. She went to the elevator and pushed the button, intently watching the arrow-indicator as the car progressed to two floors above hers, stopped, then started down. She said, "Good morning, Henry," to the elevator boy. She liked to hear Henry talk because he was from Jamaica and had an English accent, which sounded funny but very charming, coming from him. He said: "Good morning, Mrs. Brown. How are you this morning?" She said she was very well. Then she looked pleasantly but impersonally at the other woman in the car, and the other woman looked pleasantly but impersonally at her. They understood each other, but would have died rather than speak without being introduced. The other woman was a Mrs. Rose.

The doorman was a stout Irishman who looked like a cop. He was always polite, but his hair was snow-white and she didn't think he liked her. She had been friendly with him when she first came here, but he was very stiff and never said any more than was necessary to ask if she wanted a cab, or good morning, or things like that. The annoying part of it was that he was always very affable with Ed. When Ed came or when she got out of Ed's car it was always "Nice weather we're having, Mr. Brown," or "How's the stock market, Mr. Brown?" or something like that. She long since had decided that people with snow-white hair look very nice but weren't real friendly.

She stopped and bought an *Evening World* at the newsstand outside of the subway kiosk. This she folded, and carrying it like a book, she proceeded up Broadway to Childs. In her other hand she carried a tan bag with black leather slashing inserts. She had bought the bag at Nat Lewis' for twenty-two dollars.

In Childs she went to a "deuce," or table for two, in the bay window. The waitress didn't immediately come to her table. When she did come she brought with her a double-size glass

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of orange juice. The waitress smiled, showing her useful but not pretty teeth, and said good morning. This waitress was nice. She was homely, but still she was nice, and always pleasant. Nobody would think she had such a hard time at home, with her mother and two small children, she was that pleasant. Yes, this was a real nice waitress, and she always brought the bacon real crisp. Some mornings, when things weren't pleasant, this waitress wouldn't bother a person with gab, but other mornings she was quite talkative. Now she took the order and Mrs. Brown went about reading her *Evening World*, looking up and out the window every paragraph or two. The waitress brought her a bowl of Corn Flakes and a pitcher of milk, and a plate on which were a half-dozen or so strips of bacon, wrapped in two pieces of waxed paper.

SHE finished her food, then lit a Fatima. She had a small lighter, adorned with a modernistic design, and a metal cigarette case which matched the lighter. The waitress brought a cup of black coffee and Mrs. Brown put two and a half spoonfuls of sugar in it. Mrs. Brown smoked and sipped, looked out of the window, down Broadway. Occasionally she glanced at her paper, but she had read Maurice Ketten's "Can You Beat It?" and had ascertained the early prices of Standard Brands, and that was about all she really wanted to know.

She never phoned Ed before four o'clock, because sometimes he had to go down to the main office in Broad Street, and often it was pretty busy in the branch office of which Ed was manager and he hated to be disturbed. She was wondering what she would do between now and four o'clock when someone tapped her shoulder. She looked up. "Well, Clarine, my goodness sake you gave me a start," she said.

"Oh, I'm sorry, my dear," said Clarine. "I saw you here and I thought perhaps you'd feel like going swimming."

So Mrs. Brown sent Ed a telegram, saying she was going swimming but for him to call at six. The telegram was unsigned. —JOHN O'HARA

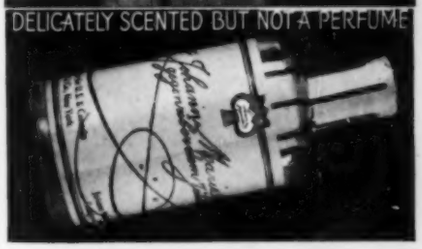
•

Be it bathing, fishing, golf, dying, motoring, dancing, or just plain loafing, Norfolk is prepared to suit the summer vacationist.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Our summer plans are still pretty vague.

The THRILLING CLIMAX to your Bath

DELICATELY SCENTED BUT NOT A PERFUME



SPLASH in the tub, or prance in the shower—but follow it with a dash of Farina's Red Crest Cologne, fastidious Europe's favorite precaution against the odor of perspiration.

Created in 1709 by Johann Maria Farina, and never duplicated, this luxurious cologne has for 220 years been the smart Continental's first choice as an aid to personal delicacy. After two centuries it now comes to America as an unequalled freshener, a stimulating rub-down, and a valuable astringent.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion.* Price $1.

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RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, AUG. 13

IT'S going to be pretty difficult to give you an accurate idea of what the clothes in the August collections are like without going into detailed descriptions of hundreds of dresses. The day when the same little black crêpe de Chine affair, with white collar and cuffs, would do for everyone between fourteen and forty, seems to be gone forever. Nowadays, clothes in the Paris shows are being modelled on mannequins of varied ages and heights and shapes; and your program carefully explains whether the dress is for a girl to wear at a coming-out party, a young woman who is all curves, or a wiry spinster to play tennis in. There is no chance of your escaping the idea that every woman should wear clothes to suit her individuality. The new shows include everything, from little fur paletots, bow-covered muffs, and Queen Mary hats, to one-shoulder, spiral dresses that remind you of fabric displays in department-store windows. "Diversity" is the word, I believe.

LUCIEN LELONG is doing every kind of clothes, from little tailored tweed dresses to evening gowns topped with Mauboussin's ten-million-franc necklaces. The one I'd like to wear with my emeralds is called Phalène, of white crêpe de Chine, with cowl décolletage, both back and front, and the same looped effect at the sides of the skirt. Another in black velvet, to be worn with diamonds, has been cut on Empire lines—skirt to the floor, waistline high. Don't worry about the diamonds; if you're young and beautiful, crystals will do. [Look for both of these gowns at Lord & Taylor.]

SKIRTS are about the same length as before, for daytime; for evening, some of the dresses sweep the floor—no trains. Evening wraps are three-quarter-length, mostly, though some are full-length. Daytime coats are three-quarter or dress-length, and are wide enough to fold over at the front. Fullness or ornament of any kind, for both daytime and evening, is placed at the back or on the hips. As I wired you, those two little rascals of fashion, the cape and the bolero, just won't be put away.

PHILIP GOUPY again shows his unfailing capacity for knowing the sort of clothes a girl looks nice in—and for more than just a few wearings. Everyone rushed upon and seized the brown jersey dress, Pif-Paf—a novel ribbed weave cut in six-inch strips and sewed together again, so that the ribs are first vertical, then horizontal. The dress is pretty straight, in spite of its belt, until somewhere around the knees, where it becomes slightly circular. A bow at the neck ties over a tucked georgette vestee. [You can see it for yourself at Jay-Thorpe.]

Everyone also seized the royal blue evening dress, Monseigneur, made of Bianchini's Lyons velvet, with its stiff skirt standing out from the figure. It is beautifully plain, with only a velvet bow at the front of the left shoulder-strap, and another at the centre-back. [You can do your seizing at Altman or Jay-Thorpe.] Grand Jeu is one of those bread-and-butter dresses that Goupy does so well—black marocain, with zigzag folds tacked on just below

"Now, we have some smaller cigars that will fit in the hatband."

In establishing an interior and endowing it with various nuances of line and colour, these galleries tender exquisite care to the elements of execution and arrangement, seeking to preserve in the most beautiful manner the feeling of romance, elegance and cheer associated with the most luxurious epochs of history.

New York Galleries
INCORPORATED

Madison Ave., 48th and 49th Sts.
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Within the famed beauty creations of Helena Rubinstein is the secret of weatherproof, ageproof beauty. And now is the season when you have the greatest need of these creations.

Visit the Salons of Helena Rubinstein for timely beauty counsel and a treatment to banish the aging effects of summer exposure...Even one model treatment will reveal to you new beauty of skin and contour.

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Cleanse with Water Lily Cleansing Cream —contains youthifying essences of water lilies. 2.50, 4.00. Cleansing and Massage Cream is for young skins. 1.25

Correct Crows'-feet, Wrinkles with Youthifying Tissue Cream—marvelous for dry skin and aging throats. 2.00, 3.50

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Beautifying Skinfood, the clearing refining cream. Removes tan, freckles and sallowness. Brings new life and new youth to the skin! 1.00, 2.50

Tone and soothe the skin with Valaze Extrait, the remarkable anti-wrinkle lotion. Fatigued faces and eyes respond to it almost magically. 2.50, 5.00

Brace relaxed contours with Georgine Lactee—it restores the clean-cut facial outline of youth. Unequalled for correcting puffiness under the eyes. 3.00, 6.00

Correct shiny nose with Liquidine—this most unusual lotion counteracts oiliness and shine and refines the pores. It is the secret of that smart dull finish and therefore indispensable to good grooming. 1.50

Snow Lotion is an ideal foundation, refreshing the skin, giving it a dazzling finish. 1.00. Other Helena Rubinstein specialized foundations 1.00 and 2.00

SMART ACCENTS FOR YOUR BEAUTY

To achieve harmony in the facial ensemble—artistically and chemically—supplement Helena Rubinstein's beauty-builders with her superb finishing touches.

Helena Rubinstein's Powders are famous here and abroad for their purity, their entrancing tints and their clinging quality. Water Lily Powder is most flattering. 1.50 Enchanté is the powder masterpiece. 3.00

Rouges created by Helena Rubinstein are as superb in texture as they are in coloring. They give a warm glow...dewy softness. Compact or en Creme. 1.00 to 5.00

The Lipsticks combine ravishing colors with indelibility and unusual softness. 1.00 to 3.50. Enchanté Lipstick is the choice of the fastidious woman. 3.50

The super-mascara, Persian Eye Black, leaves lashes silky, it stays on! 1.00, 1.50

You may obtain the creations of Helena Rubinstein at her own Salons and at the better shops. Qualified assistants will help you select the most resultful preparations for your home beauty care.

helena rubinstein

PARIS LONDON CANNES MILAN TORONTO

8 East 57th Street, New York
Telephone for Appointment, Plaza 7572

CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON DETROIT

the waistline. He avoids the white-collar problem by tucking little scalloped pieces of white satin around the front, but away from the neckline, and ties a little black bow across the "V," so that you can make it as low as you like. [Altman has this one.]

I WENT to Bruyère's for the first time, and now it's one of my favorite houses. It was Madame Bruyère, you know, who designed all those nice sports coats that Lanvin used to have. These days she stands, with her pale blue dress and pale blue eyes and pale blue-gray hair, in the midst of one of the best collections of tailored dresses and coats I've ever seen.

Here again, all the buyers leaped at the same things. Tiflis, for one—a black marocain dress with a skirt all little box pleats that begin from smocking, and a belt of black patent leather that ends in a ribbon bow at the back. [These two can be asked for at Altman or Lord & Taylor.] Babet, for another—also black marocain, with a spiral ruffle of unpressed pleats around the hips. It is worn under a black broadcloth coat that has its waistline not only well marked, but held in by a belt and buckle covered with the fabric. I don't need to tell you that collars and cuffs are of galliac—that goes for practically every black coat with a Paris label.

Don't miss seeing Zuiderzee [at Altman], made of one of the new diagonal materials, in black and white. It has a black patent belt, and a necklace roll in orange and brown and white, ending at one side in a little white scarf. Look also for Tobago, with its bateau neckline pulled into a funny little pleat at the centre-front, and Washington, a coarse gray tweed coat that has fin-pleats at the waist, astrakhan collar and cuffs, and an astrakhan beret pulled down back of the left ear and held there with a bow. [Stern has the beret.] —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

THOUGH this department is rather wary of discussing things like mink coats at $6,500, thinking (and rightly, too) that the purchasers need no particular help from me, there are words to be said at this point on the subject of ol' Massa Jaeckel, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. The things that he is showing cannot be ignored.

You know, of course, about the quality of his furs: goat that looks like flat caracul, caracul that looks like

broadtail, broadtail that looks like satin brocade—and all of them handled as pliantly as cloth. The coats are fitted just a bit through the body, without too much of a definite flare at the hem. The sleeves are marvellous, shunning, in the main, fluffy cuffs in favor of dressmaker detail—barrel arrangements, sleeves with fullness ending just below the elbow and continuing tight and straight to the wrist, applied flaring pieces above the wrist, etc.

For sports coats at a very reasonable price, goat is being made much of. There is one beige model, semifitted, belted, and having a brown crêpe scarf looping over at the neck. (You can have this in black curly caracul with a white galliac or crêpe scarf, too.) They are still using leopard for sports—a nice, baby Somali leopard in beige, rather than yellow, tones; but natural, undyed skin just the same. This may be made up in three-quarter-length coats or in long, more formal versions, with a fitch collar and a fitted look through the body.

For early-autumn wear, very smart people love jackets and coats of black caracul without any fluffiness in the collars. I could die for one jacket—with a casually-knotted string belt and a simple, tailored collar—coming in a straight and slim way to a point about six inches above the knee. Long coats are fitted through the body carefully, have collars of broadtail that are tucked and folded and stand up high in the back, and the dressmaker cuffs just mentioned.

If you want a fur suit with no more bulk than wool, look at one of black, flat caracul, with silver fox around the neck, and outlining the fitted jacket below the hips, and with a perfectly straight, plain, skirt. This also comes in leopard with red fox. We-e-ell.

For evening, there is an ermine wrap coming to just above the knees in back and wrapping upward in the front. You can have this, also, in summer ermine for early-autumn

DOES LOAFING ENLARGE YOUR CIGARETTE APPETITE?

...RELAX IN "HAPPY-MOUTH" AND COOLER SMOKE!

When summer brings the time and weather for loafing... do your cigarettes work overtime? What a great time to smoke right through your first Spud pack! Finish your twentieth straight Spud and you find yourself still mouth-happy... tongue and throat in their natural, moist-cool comfort. That's what Spud's 16% cooler smoke does! It sustains your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor, of Spud's choice tobacco blend. Everywhere, Spud is the growing, grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

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JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

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NOW YOU CAN SEE WHY they are rightly described as perfect apartments in the perfect neighborhood. Such refinement in details and equipment is seldom to be found in even the finest cooperatives. Add to this interior completeness a building of imposing distinction, and a location with southern exposure, overlooking exclusive Gramercy Park. • • • • • •

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3 and 4 rooms
Large living rooms with open fireplaces, dining galleries, casement windows, concealed radiation (even in baths), complete kitchens with exhaust fans, silent refrigeration, attractive colored baths with 3 cabinets. • • • •

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A residential hotel where New Yorkers live all the year round and visitors wish they could do the same!

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HUBERTH & HUBERTH
2 Columbus Circle Circle 6800

wear. Less extravagant people will be perfectly happy with a coat of a yellow-white caracul, done in dolman style. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Paper Pottery—Zephyrs and Bathmats—Notes for the Perfect Nursery

IT is mildly amazing, considering the month and the general inertia that prevails about town, how much news there is lying around loose in such shops as Macy and Bloomingdale. As, for instance:

FOR that last flutter of summer entertaining, Bloomingdale has a line of paper tableware you could serve an honest meal in, if you were minded to—a heavy kind of glazed board that anybody short of an insufferable expert would take for pottery. They have plates in three sizes—dinner, sandwich, and saucer—and cups built like tumblers, or maybe they *are* tumblers—these with the color outside and a nice pure white interior. Also, good solid forks and spoons. Since the colors are blue, green, and yellow, and since there are also some plates in white with checkered borders in the same colors, and a few others to boot, it would be very smart of you to make up harmonized table ensembles for your famous Sunday-night suppers outdoors. The things are very inexpensive, and save an awful lot of wear and tear on the family crockery.

In the umbrella department they have a large folding contraption called the Sportbrella—a beach or lawn parasol in the traditional stripes, set up on a hinged stick of light metal. The whole thing practically crumples up in the hand when necessary, enabling you to carry it places without drawing a crowd or straining your back. When last heard of it was selling at $3.95.

DOWN Macy's way, where the ice-cooled zephyrs blow, what should I discover but something new in departments! All the big, gorgeous, cushiony bathmats and bathroom rugs in the world (can't a girl exaggerate a *little* bit?) have now been laid out on neat shelves and flung over neat display racks in one corner of the main rug department (sixth floor, West Build-

ing), and what an array is there I leave for you to discover. I am said to be a little bit queer about bathmats—you know, choosy—and these come up to my wildest dreams of luxury. The designs (please, pul-eeze do not miss the leaf pattern, and watch your sales-clerk's eyes light up when you ask for it)—the designs and colors can be matched in towels and washcloths down in the linen shop on the second floor. *Quelle* joy!

THE rug department here has also been nice to nurseries. They have big full-sized rugs, nine by twelve, six by nine, and other adult measurements, done in the woven-rag style, with childlike designs and good fast colors. One deep blue one with white sailboats all over it would be soothing for a child who has just been dragged home to town from Cape Cod, screaming all the way. Prices mount to $39.75 for the largest size. No fooling, these are what nursery rugs ought to be like.

It is also suggested, in our timely fashion, that the toy department's collection of slides, trapezes, playhouses, and wading pools is superb. There is nothing like these devices for keeping young things out in the good fresh air and sunshine, where they aren't always getting under your feet. I have particular faith in the wading-pool idea. The one here is in green rubberized cloth, four feet square, with a seat in each corner and a drainage outlet. You fill it with the garden hose, and the outlet takes care of any mosquito-breeding problems that may arise. The price at present writing hovers around $5, but I would rather not be quoted, what with all these price wars. I maintain that this is a lovely gift for week-end hostesses with children. There is still a good long month in which to use it, before thin layers of ice begin to form over the top o'nights. —B. B.

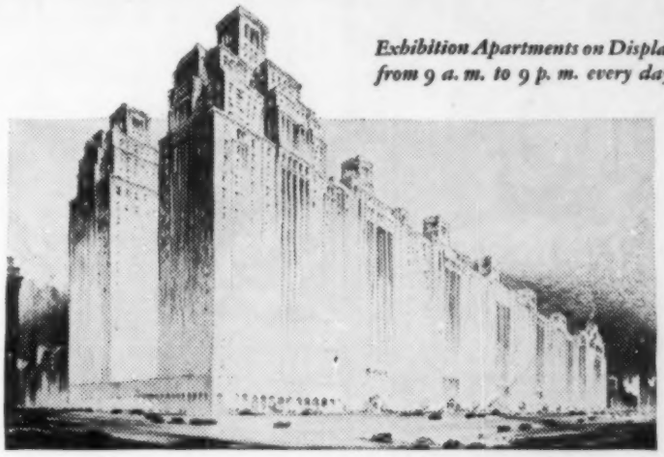
•

HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

[*From the Flushing Journal*]

Not all Flushing doctors believe in treating their patients with the classics, however. One eminent specialist provides seed catalogues. In his office there are at least five or six of these profusely illustrated booklets, describing the beauties of garden flora. And usually, during his office hours, every one of the copies are in use. The only other reading matter this doctor furnishes is the New Yorker, but it is noticed that most patients will drop this for the seeds.

You can't expect them to drop seeds.



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*Actual number of apartments rented August 9 when this magazine went to press.

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JOHN DAVID
Fashions for Men

OUTFITS *for the* YOUNG MAN
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•

Young men prefer to make selections at men's shops, particularly if it is the policy of those shops to present only the new and correct fashions which are created or accepted on the Campus or by youthful members of the financial world.

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New and Correct Fall Fashions in suits, topcoats, hats, neckwear and hosiery at prices that challenge comparison.

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FIFTH AVE. AT 43d ST.
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And other easily reached shops in Greater New York

THE RACE TRACK

Jim Dandy in The Travers—Whichone Goes to the Front — Yearling Sales

ONLY one thing was wanted to make last Saturday a memorable day for racing at Saratoga, and that was a victory for Gallant Fox —or for Whichone, who ran so gallantly. If William Woodward's colt had won, it would have crowned everything. As it was, the Travers Stakes must be set down as the most disappointing race of the year.

Jim Dandy. That used to be the popular name for the old family buggy horse, or for a brand of shoeblacking. Hundred-to-one shots invariably win a big race that way—when they do win. Two good horses race each other pace-drunk to the stretch, and the outsider, plugging along, runs over them. If the tortoise had raced two hares, he would have won anyhow. What makes the victory more remarkable is that Jim Dandy has not won any races, though he has tried from here to Agua Caliente and back, since he brought off a fifty-to-one chance in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes a year ago. That race also was over a muddy track.

SO John McKee of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, finally has brought down a champion. Years ago he brought out a boxer named Bzenah (Algy Daingerfield spelled it that way just after the finish of The Travers and he might have been thinking of Gallant Fox) to fight Joe Gans, and he bet on him, and they say the gong saved Gans. Then McKee got another bankroll and brought out Patsy Haley, now a referee, to fight Terry McGovern, and went broke again. After that he went into racing, and two years ago began training horses for Chaffee Earl, a young Californian who has merely some seventy-two oil wells. John bet ten dollars on Jim Dandy.

WE had a better view, between showers, of the saddling of Whichone and Gallant Fox, for the Saratoga Association had roped off an enclosure under the trees for both colts. Sonny Whitney let Jock Whitney, who was taking a day off from polo, through the ropes, and they talked with Louis Beard while the heavy bandages were removed from Whichone's legs. He was more restive than usual and his forefeet were heavily taped. Gallant Fox looked a bit fat but he carried the bloom of a well-trained horse. His gallery was larger than Whichone's. I don't think three people looked at Jim Dandy or Sun Falcon, out under the trees somewhere. I didn't.

EARLY in the afternoon I had asked Sande what his riding tactics would be. "Go to the front at the break, and improve my position," he said. When the barrier went up we were amazed to see Whichone, usually slow to break into his stride, go to the front with a rush and head Gallant Fox to the clubhouse turn. There was a roar from the stand as Gallant Fox's scarlet blinkers nodded in front halfway down the backstretch, and another as Whichone went to the front in a dozen strides. Halfway around the stretch turn Jim Dandy began to pick them up, and I think no one was more surprised than his jockey, Baker, when he swept past horses he never expected to be close to and galloped home by six or eight lengths.

TO me the tragedy of the race was Whichone. I picked and backed Gallant Fox to beat him—but I wish the track had not been muddy. Workman dismounted as quickly as he could pull the colt up after the finish, to ease what strain he could from the unsound knee that had given way under the strain of the race, and I'm rather glad the loudest cheers were for Whichone as he came limping back to the judges'

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
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Typically Furnished Suites may be seen by Appointment
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Scientifically Rejuvenates!

IN *Fermo-Derm*—available for the first time to women everywhere—Lola Casnati combines many of the precious ingredients which have won her outstanding success as a skin analyst. This rich semi-plastic rejuvenator contains a bland solvent which dissolves pore obstructions and old dead cuticle . . . leaving the tissues firm . . . the skin smooth, glowingly transparent. With *Fermo-Derm*, Lola Casnati rounds out a life's ambition . . . giving to woman a scientific formulae which will render her youthful appearance long-lived.

CASNATI, INC.
(A Derm-Esthetic Institute)
75 East 55th Street, New York
After Oct. 1st—38 East 57th Street

stand. The mite of a Negro exercise boy riding the Whitney lead pony buried his head in the crook of his arm and sobbed as Marshall, the head lad, his face a mask, unsaddled the colt and slipped the light blue blanket over him and led him away. Whichone's racing days are over, I think.

IT'S easy to train another man's horse, but it seems to me Gallant Fox would have been more fit if he had been required to do something more strenuous than working fast time trials for the dilettantes of racing. Horses need plenty of hard work at Saratoga, and Gallant Fox ran as though lacking that winding up to concert pitch so necessary for a race of such importance as The Travers.

HONORS in the Spinaway Stakes have fallen to Mrs. John Hertz' Risque, a filly who has improved since she raced at Belmont Park in May. Steffen rode a strong finish on her to beat Ed Bradley's Baba Kenny.

I think it is worth remembering that earlier in the week Mrs. Payne Whitney's Comic ran as though he did not like a muddy track, and I daresay he will have another chance in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes this week-end, but he should look no farther for the winner than George Widener's Jamestown, even though Gifford Cochran's Epithet is among the runners.

PHIL CHINN puts on the best show of the meeting at his yearling sales, particularly at the previews in the morning, when the colts are led by former stable foremen of some of the big establishments, men who know how to lead and show a horse. They wear armbands corresponding to the animal's number in the catalogue, so you don't have to ask them questions.

Of course, the sale is like an opera night, so the auctioneer should not be annoyed that the front-row bidders come late and stop the show. And that goes for the young woman in the black velvet pajamas.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The only description of the baby was the statement of a servant in the Morrow household who was quoted as saying that "he looks like east to Ohio, but is partly cloudy south to Galveston. A southwest wind, blowing 12 miles an hour, promises more heat to come. —*Topeka (Kan.) State Journal.*

Sounds like a Lindbergh.

One Tablespoonful will wash a Giant Centipede's Stockings

Silk-Eze, the new beauty soap for hosiery and underwear, is easy and economical to use. One tablespoon dissolved in a bowlfull of water will wash five pounds of garments. And at the same time restore and preserve the bloom of youth. For Silk-Eze is made from a secret formula which contains ingredients especially kind to delicate fibres.

Use Silk-Eze for silk, rayon, elastic and woolen garments from stockings, corsets, to your most delicate sweaters and your husband's pet golf stockings. They'll wear much longer and look much better than when washed with ordinary soaps.

Silk-Eze is especially recommended for dull sheer stockings. It keeps them lusterless.

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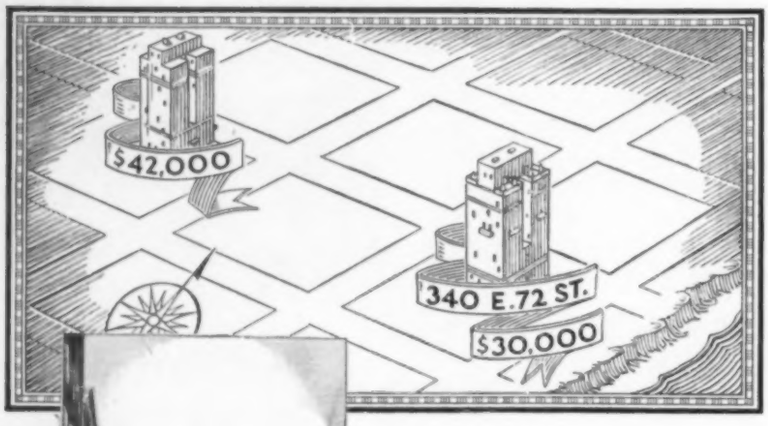

This is a comparison between two 10 room apartments on the same flaar

A 10-room apartment on the 7th floor here costs you one-third less than one two blocks nearer Fifth Avenue. In actual figures this is $12,000. The south living room and library are large . . . by combining them you can have a living room thirty-five feet long . . . with a fireplace at each end and five south windows. Two of the three bedrooms and the corner dining room also face south. The closets are large and numerous. This apartment has every potentiality for unusual comfort. See it today. 100% co-operative—ready this Fall.

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4 rooms from $ 9,000—Maintenance from $ 945
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HOW TO PASS TIME

WHILE YOUR BOSS IS ON HIS VACATION

PICK up a newspaper and ponder on the heat fatalities. Read the thermometer. Don't you think that you owe it to yourself and your dependents to take it easy? Take the telephone. Call up five of your friends and ask them how they like being wage slaves. Walk over to the window and consider the crowds in the street. Can all those people be unemployed?

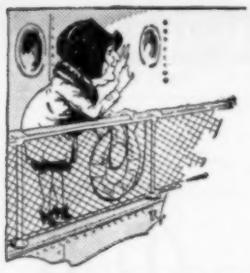
Think of how you have been falling behind in your work. Will your boss be satisfied when you tell him that it is all because business is so good that you can't keep up with it? Will that make him give you a raise and get you an assistant? Could it make him fire you? What could he do without you? What could you do without him? Do some work.

WATCH the clock. When the hands have moved ten minutes walk over to the water-cooler for a drink. Ponder on how flat the water tastes. Doesn't your boss know any better than to put water in the water-cooler? Can't he be considerate enough to put in iced tea? Do you realize that in England they have tea every afternoon? Would you say that that is why the sun never sets on the British Empire?

Ponder on how much more you know about the business than your boss does. Compute how much more than you, though, your boss gets out of it. Determine how he does it. List your chances for advancement in life. How much would you take for the bunch of them?

Think of your employer's daughter. Would you consider marrying her? Would you consider marrying her if it weren't for her father's money? Is that any way for a gentleman to think? Can a gentleman help it? What, however, is a man to do if he already is married? Is there any other way for him to make good in business? Did you ever consider work? Pick up a bit of work and put it aside.

SEND a boy down for a paper with the closing prices. Scowl at the state of the stock market. Recall the happy scowls you wore in other years when your stock went up only five points in one day instead of ten. Will the world ever see those old-time scowls again? Is there a man left in this country who can still scowl because



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$1.25 YOU can get the best kind of rejuvenating beauty treatment while seeing all the thrilling sights of New York Bay. Cool, salty breezes—health giving sunshine—comfortable relaxation on the deck of a Sandy Hook Steamer to Highland Beach. Round trip only $1.25.

Steamers Lv. W. 42 St. Daylight Time. Wkdays., except Saturdays—8:55, **9:55 A. M., 12:35, 3:50, *4:50, *7:45 P. M.—Saturdays—8:55, **9:55 A. M., 12:35, 1:25, 4:15, *5:15, *7:55 P. M. Lv. Cedar St. 25 min. later. Sundays—Lv. W. 42 St. 9:00, **10:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M. Lv. Cedar St. 9:30, **10:30 A. M., 1:30, 3:20, *7:05 P. M. *No $1.25 tickets sold for these trips. **$4 Tour Steamer.

Ticket office 1494 Bdwy. at 43rd St., phone BRYant 7000. Steamer Excursion Tickets only. For general information phone BARclay 9670.

Also $4 Sail-Motor-Shore Luncheon Tour to Asbury Park and return.

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The Pleasant Way to North Jersey Resorts — Operated by New Jersey Central

THE Surrey HOTEL

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Planned and Designed to meet the approval of a Select Tenantry. Luxurious, Comfortable Homes in a Quiet, Residential Neighborhood. Available for Immediate or October Occupancy. *Several Suites in Lower Price Range.*

SELMAY fashions

AT 3 EAST 55TH STREET
OPPOSITE THE ST. REGIS

his stock went up only five points in one day?

Consider the sweltering office force. Why don't office workers wear bathing suits and beach pajamas during the summer months? Why, for that matter, don't offices go to the beach? Take out your golf clubs and practice putting.

Send a boy down for some picture post cards. Write clever lines to your friends in the country about the vacation you are spending in town.

Go home. —José Schorr

•

ODE TO SUMMER

Though on the plains
Of South Dakota
Sunstroke carries
Off its quota,

Though on the Miss-
Issippi River
The heat induces
Torpid liver,

Though we rejoice we
Do not own a
Summer camp
In Arizona,

Though in the torrid
Towns of Texas
Scorching wind
Completely wrecks us,

Though death is better
Than summer-homing
In that smitten
State Wyoming,

Though we can think
Of nothing horrider
Than August spent
In sunny Florida,

Though July nights
In the arid South
Mint-juleps live
From hand to mouth,

Though life is bearable
At most
Along a narrow
Strip of coast,

Though heat's a foe,
A pest, a scourge,
It stands in league
With the cosmic urge.

In every state
From East to West
In summer lovers
Love the best!

—Angela Cypher

18 FOOT CEILINGS

The Dorset's duplex studio apartments with their spacious roof terraces, huge living rooms, 18 feet high, present all the advantages of modern-day apartment hotel construction.

Maisonettes with private Street Entrances, Simplexes or Terraced Duplexes, Unfurnished or Furnished—Transient or Lease, Complete Hotel Service. 2 to 6 Rooms.

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THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
Adjoining Fifth Ave.

the London Huntwood
Correctly proportioned and comfortably cut . . . a double-breasted suit that tapers from shoulder to hip in the approved manner and yet leaves ample room for free action. In your choice of numerous fine woolens.
Tailored-to-measure or Ready-for-wear $65 and more
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562 Fifth Avenue, New York

Logical, Isn't it? . .

That the most famous toiletries department in the world (SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE) should sell its powders, perfumes, and other "little niceties" at the city's bottom prices . . . and by bottom prices we really mean no one sells toiletries for less than

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW APARTMENTS

Pierre's Palace—For the Autumn's Brides

THE new Hotel Pierre is a millionaires' Elysium, and it really is very beautiful. Throughout, the design and decoration are Georgian, handled with restraint. I saw a six-room suite of a drawing-room ("parlor," in hotel terminology); a salon (really a dining-room served by the restaurant); three bedrooms, each with a bath; a luxurious dressing-room; and a room for a maid; the whole furnished completely, even to the latest novels. The furniture is a pleasant mingling of eighteenth-century English types, chintz and damask upholstered modern things, and a few pastel painted pieces in the bedrooms. Almost nothing to suggest the hotel. Guests who make prolonged stays are permitted to work out their own ideas in furniture and draperies from the variety at the management's disposal.

Suites of any size, from one room and bath up, are easily arranged for. There are no leases, though many people will live at the hotel; you simply make your reservation for the probable length of your stay—a day or several years. What you hear about the prices is true. You can have a single room for $8 a day, but it is likely that most transients will pay more. The apartment I saw is a $110 a day—nice for visiting royalty or country moguls bringing out daughters in town.

THE second floor will hold Pierre firm in the affections of the social powers. Any or all of the ballrooms may be engaged: the large ballroom, with a fine frescoed ceiling, and the smaller ones, simply done in white and gold; also the main restaurant, with handsome Georgian woodwork, and the lounges and foyers, which are subdued to the right degree for connecting rooms. All the decoration is light and fresh, not in the least designed to awe the awful.

The grill downstairs is at present the most attractive room to me, visioning as I do my lamb chops Lucullus being served right from the open broiler at one end. The ceiling is painted in vivid blues in a Japanese aquarelle de-

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

THESE SUN-TANNED HEROES OF MOUNTAIN AND SEA

What a whale of a time they've had! Fishing and golfing—dancing and swimming. But how glorious to get back for a pause at the Astor—a real bed—a cool room—sophisticated food—and an evening of happiness atop the Astor Roof—on the open-air dance floor!

FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM

Hicks' Steamer Baskets for Ocean Travelers
Merry Trip Box for Week End Parties
HICKS' FAMOUS SODAS
H. HICKS & SON
INCORPORATED
675 FIFTH AVENUE AT 53RD STREET
NEW YORK

FELTMANS
CONEY ISLAND
THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

sign—really soothing. On the forty-second floor there is a breakfast-room with a gorgeous view.

Having, I assume, the requisite fortune, you make your reservations any time now on the seventh floor of the hotel. It's at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-first Street, by the by.

FOR the fall harvest of brides and grooms who *must* have a fireplace, space for their brand-new piano, a perfect kitchen, smart neighbors, light, air, and low rent (they want but little), I recommend 315 East Sixty-eighth Street. Messrs. George and Edward Blum, the architects, have done an intelligent and civilized piece of designing. Small roof terraces crop out all over the medium-high stories, some apartments having one off the living-room and another off a good-sized bedroom. From the one-room apartment (with three closets, a dressing-room, a bed-closet, kitchenette, and bath) to the larger ones of six or seven rooms, the floor plans have been well thought out. In only one type of apartment is it necessary to cross the living-room to enter any other room.

Something, of course, had to be sacrificed to this idealization of simple living. It was service entrances. You have a General Electric refrigerator, so the iceman is eliminated, but the delivery boys must go from the service elevator to your front door. On the other hand, the public halls are supplied with incinerators; all bathrooms are comfortable, and have windows; the kitchen equipment (including dining-alcoves, which you really aren't compelled to use) is complete; and there is a roof garden for the use of those humble tenants who haven't private ones. Maid service and vacuum-cleaner service are available by the hour. Wall tints, as usual, are to be chosen by the tenants.

The prices: One-room apartments from $1,020 (annual rent); two rooms from $1,250; three rooms from $1,300; four rooms and two baths (nearly all rented) from $2,300; and a few larger apartments, with terraces, correspondingly higher. Also three penthouses of three rooms and bath each, with lots of terrace, from $2,700 to $3,200. Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought are the agents.

—PENTHOUSE

•

AIR SCHOOL WORK STARTS IN FALL—*Headline in a Texas newspaper.*

And ends there?

Modern diet so often fails to provide all the bulk needed by your system for *regular, complete elimination* of waste from the digestive tract. Whole bran provides this bulk—a new relief for constipation.

Whole bran is *now* DELICIOUS

POST'S WHOLE BRAN *does* good, of course. But, best of all, it *tastes* good, too. That's the combination the world was waiting for. It's been a success from the start . . . Now, all who need full strength bran can form the habit of eating it every morning and liking it. It is tempting, crunchy-crisp, *good to eat.* You get the bulk you need to clear digestive wastes out of the system—and you enjoy Post's Whole Bran with never a thought of "duty." Eat this delightful new cereal with milk or cream. Try it in muffins. It makes the best whole bran muffins you ever met in the morning. Get started today with the *full strength bran* that you'll eat because *you like it.*

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Whole Bran. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

Post's WHOLE BRAN

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IN YOUR TEENS
You need but one cream, Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream, to guard the youthful loveliness of a normal skin

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Give your skin the added protection of Barbara Gould Finishing Cream, the perfect base for powder and rouge.

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Nature begins to neglect the tiny cells beneath your skin. Nourish them with Barbara Gould Tissue Cream

IN YOUR FORTIES
. . . and beyond . . . add Barbara Gould Astringent Cream to stimulate inactive cells and help prevent sagging tissues.

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Barbara Gould has proved that retaining the youthful loveliness of a normal skin . . . from your Teens through your Forties and beyond . . . is largely a matter of proper knowledge and care.

Send today for a complimentary copy of her helpful beauty booklet "Any woman can look lovelier" and learn about the wonderfully simplified methods discovered by Barbara Gould.

ALL BARBARA GOULD CREAMS $1.00 EACH

Barbara Gould

392 Fifth Avenue, New York

PARIS LETTER

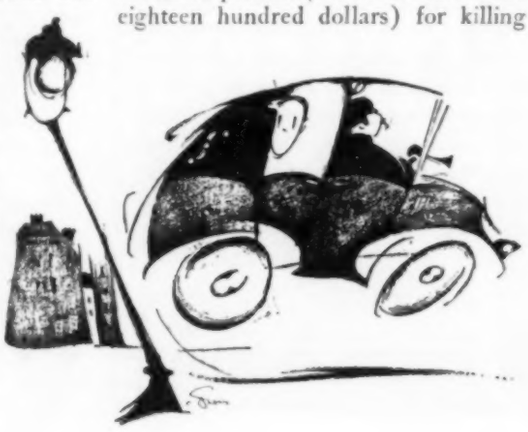
PARIS, AUG. 13

THE publicity attendant upon the recent attempt of Parisian humanitarians to stop a bullfight at Mantes, piously given to raise funds for the town's approaching celebration of Jeanne d'Arc, has again brought up the question of tauromachy in northern France. (In southern France the only problem is to find enough bulls and horses to fill the rings.) In Nîmes, Bordeaux, Bayonne, even as far north as Nantes, where a toreador was killed recently, the ancient sport still thrives during the summer months in arenas conveniently left over from Roman days, when the European animals most popularly killed were Christians. In certain French cities the form of the sport practiced has been modified of late, from the bull's point of view, to include no death. As in the Portuguese method of bullfighting, the toreador takes the bull's place in that he runs all the danger of dying, his job being to wave a cape and stick colored rosettes on the animal's brow, and come out with a whole skin. Indeed, his only real advantage over the animal lies in the fact that the beribboned bull is the next day sent to the abattoir, which the toreador is not. In France the bulls come largely from the plains of the Camargue, the thirty-odd square miles of sagebrush that constitute the French Wild West. The fighters are plainsmen of Catalan-Basque-Portuguese ancestry who are French only by birth.

THE French government's recent decision to develop vacation tourism by means of new auto-buses running between its southern and border towns hitherto untouched by trippers has, coupled with the spectacular rise of a young matador in Madrid, effected an astonishing revival of interest in tauromachy which the booing humanitarians of Mantes will find difficult to combat. However, since matadors rather than motor-buses make bullfighting, probably the new hero, the seventeen-year-old Manuel Majías, surnamed Bienvenida, should have the greater credit. As a result of this young man's surprising beauty, dexterity, classical poses, and ingrained professional talent (his father was a Sevillian matador who lost a leg in the good cause; his little brothers, Pepe, aged fourteen, and Rafael, about eleven, are already training with baby bulls), tauromachy in southern France has been on the rise this summer. From Biarritz, Pau, St. Jean-de-Luz, and Hendaye, hordes of French vacationists have been auto-busing over the border to San Sebastian, where a week's festival has just been held in the Plaza de Toros; by day under sun and by night under arc lights, whose false glare added a new, brutal Goya gaiety to a colored spectacle featuring slim men wearing silk and bulls wearing blood and darts.

At Pamplona, the setting for the dénouement of Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises," a twelve-day holiday —in honor of a local saint and a hundred bulls from foreign parts—has just been concluded, with pelota matches and a *goyescas*, a blanket-tossing of a mannequin, thrown in for good measure.

THE French bullfighters (of whom the best are invariably Spanish), whose revived popularity has again put them on the front page, are, besides being the absolute idols of the *aficionados* on both sides of the border, also the richest lads of the younger set. So far as pocket money goes, few bankers' sons can compete with them. Belmonte, the greatest master of his short-lived generation, is, at a scant forty, already a retired millionaire, living with an American wife in a mansion in the aristocratic Paseo de la Castellana quarter in Madrid. Antonio Marqués, the ripest talent of the established fighters, is an elegant red-haired Madrileño who wears a frock coat when not on the job and gets from twelve to fifteen thousand pesetas (between fifteen and eighteen hundred dollars) for killing



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two bulls of a sunny afternoon. A fighter's costume costs him from two to three thousand pesetas; the silk cerise capes they so delicately drag before the enfuriated animals can cost them a hundred and fifty pesetas a drag if the bull gets his horns into them. At the age of seventeen, Bienvenida—called "The Welcome One," because until he appeared in the rings, bullfighting was falling into a dry rot of technical tricks—has already amassed a huge fortune.

To the layman's eye, this personage who is reviving one of the most debated European sports is merely a handsome, dainty, dark stripling, not so tall as the bulls he kills, magnificently dressed in silk and silver, with a false *coleta* (the bullfighter's pigtail) sewed to the back of his hat, for he is of the modern iconoclastic generation that believes in imitations. To the French *aficionados*, however, he is a kind of artist. As they all exclaim when he kills a bull, it is as if he were painting a picture: he stands close to the animal as though it were an easel, draws his sword like a brush, and with one decisive stroke . . .

To the Latins, outside of Mantes, bullfighting is an art because it contains the elements of tragedy. —GENÊT

•

EXHIBITION

Venus comes stealing on the scented breeze;
Venus beneath damp tendrils of the vine
Beckons—then balks my eager ecstasies
By vanishing ere I may make her mine;
And through the mocking darkness murmurs steal,
False amorous whisperings heard alone by me—
The fevered press of phantom lips I feel;
Soft arms reach toward me, touch my arm—and flee . . .
—Futility, to try to tame desire
By anguished striding of the silent street
When passion pulses in the still stars' fire
And scented leaves hang languorous with heat!
—Too cussed warm for dalliance with doxies—
But Garbo's on the screen at Colonel Boxie's!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

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YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

A Challenger Arrives—The Question of Weather—Whirlwind and Enterprise

AN event that gave a new relevance to the monotonous series of trial races of the Cup defenders was the sudden appearance off Montauk last week of Shamrock V, beating her way into the Sound on a windward reach behind the big three-masted Erin. In her jury rig, her green hull faded with seastain, she did not look much like a racing boat, but it was different when she was hauled up in drydock in New London to have her keel scraped. She is sharp as a knife, pointed with much less flare than any of our racers—a bow for light winds, shaping a hull deep and rounded to take canvas in a blow. In design she resembles Weetamoe and Yankee; in performance she has been more consistent than either of them. The hogback swell of her deck amidships gives her a look of speed, and the mahogany shell over her bronze frame, striped with a white boot-top at the waterline, is overlaid in a way which shows no seams, as though the whole boat had been masterfully whittled out of a single dark log.

THE New London shipwrights had a lot of work to do. The strange rule of America's Cup contests, providing that the challenger must cross the Atlantic under her own sail, has often been criticized by people who insist that no amount of refitting can repair the strain a delicate racing craft must suffer pounding for a month in heavy seas. At least the rule brings trade to local craftsmen who must get the weed off her bottom, restep a racing mast, and remove the accommodations improvised for the crew. It is not true that the men on Shamrock V had a tough time between working spells. Their existence was made tolerable by bunks, water tanks, stoves, and other arrangements that had to be yanked out as the first step toward restoring her racing trim. As a matter of fact, Shamrock V and Lipton's other boats would undoubtedly have come over under their own sail whether a rule stipulated that they should or not. It would be hard to hoist a hundred-and-thirty-five-ton boat on a liner for transportation, and almost equally hard to tow her. Racing boats are built to drive through the water rather than to be pulled; under a towline they are lifeless things, listlessly drawing the full weight of seas they would cut over if they were free.

SHAMROCK V is best in light winds. So is Enterprise and so is Weetamoe. Yankee does not feel her head unless she has what landlubbers call a squall and yachtsmen a racing breeze, but in all likelihood Weetamoe or Enterprise will be picked for the race. Nobody seems to know what will happen if a stiff autumn blow piles up the seas off Newport the week of the races. Captain Heard of Shamrock V has an idea about that. He knows that this year's Cup yachts are an experiment. Too much is at stake for the committee to let them go out and risk having their canvas torn out and their masts and halyards snapped. He thinks that it will be a race for light-weather boats, and that if any other kind of weather comes up, he and his rival will stay in Brenton's Cove and wait for a change.

THIS last series of races for the American sloops is really important, for previous trials have been so indecisive that if any one boat turns in consistently fine performances, it will be picked to meet Sir Thomas Lipton's latest white hope. Even Whirlwind is not quite out of it in spite of her hopeless showing to date, the absurdity of endless mast-movings, of fierce arguments about design, and the consequent triangular feud developing

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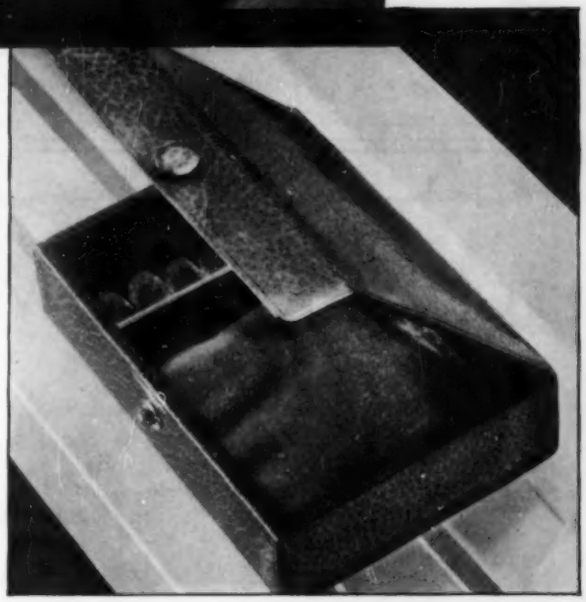

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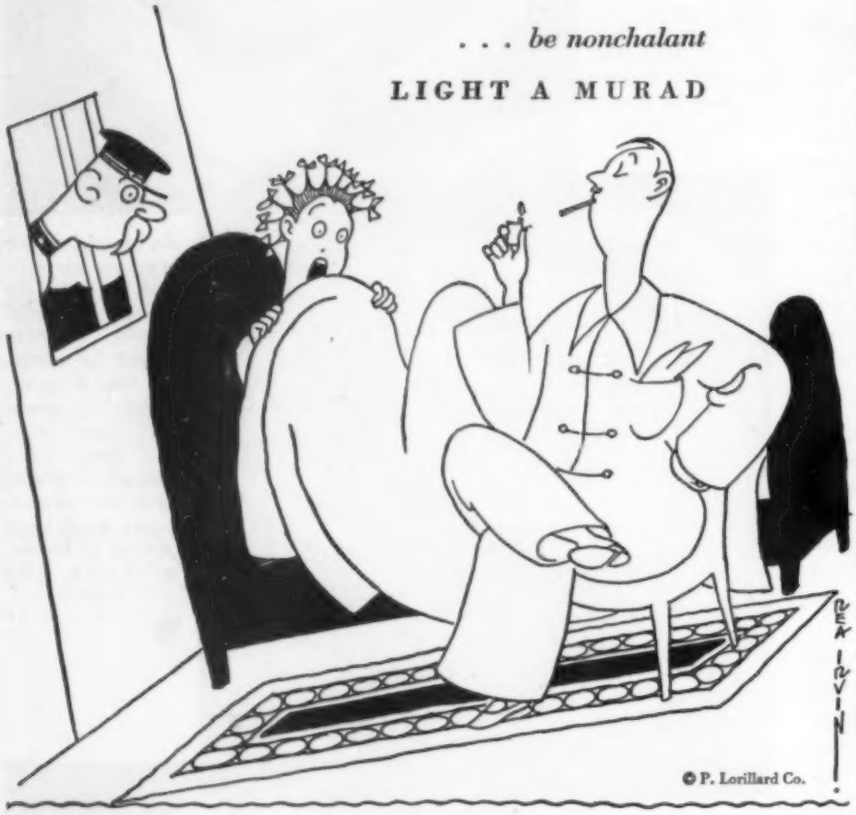

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between the designer, the builder, and the owning syndicate. Enterprise, too, has had its troubles. You feel that at times a certain ingenuousness is evident in the people concerned with the Cup defence. They might be helped by some of Lipton's professional optimism, but possibly they lack his satisfactory knowledge that his investments in boats come back to him several times over in the exploitation afforded his tea business.

THE big sails sweeping up and down Rhode Island waters haven't taken any interest away from races of little boats on the Sound and down at Barnegat. A year of an international race somehow makes yachting livelier everywhere. We are going down to Seawanhaka for the six-metre races, and our interest in the relative merits of Shamrock V and Weetamoe makes us hope that we can find some owner of a fifteen-footer who will let us race with him. We will tend sheet for him and help bail the self-bailing cockpit. After the race we will take a swim in a yacht-club inlet, where the water smells of gasoline, and afterward eat the dinner our host has cooked on an oil-stove. That's good fun whether Sir Thomas Lipton is over here or not.

—N. B., Jr.

•

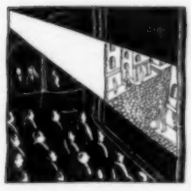
CITY BRED

With bleeding hearts and lilacs in her hand
She stepped aboard the train and waved goodbye,
And sighed a wistful, sentimental sigh
To let the country people understand
She loved their simple ways. Not of the land
Still she had need of flowers and could lie
Limp in the sun and gazing at the sky!
She could drink buttermilk at their command.

But when the train moved on she sighed anew—
A different sigh, and more sophisticated—
And never turned her head to see the view
Of fresh, green hills; for now her heart awaited
A city street. She mused how honeydew
And breast of guinea were not overrated! —ELISABETH GUNN

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The War in the Air—A Barrymore and Moby Dick — Vitriol Revived



EXTRAORDINARILY honored by a double presentation on Broadway, by appearing at the same time at both the Criterion and the Gaiety Theatres, the much-advertised "Hell's Angels" is at last revealed to the public, displaying to that public's delighted eyes indubitably the best aviation pictures yet shown on the screen, giving such views of Zeppelin warfare and of airplane fighting as I do not believe can be surpassed. The producers have not been reticent on the matter of the cost of this film. Four million, they announce, has been spent upon it, and even in the movie world that seems to be considered something of a sum. Four million it doubtless did cost—one appraises those scenes above the clouds as expensive—yet, as in a showy party where the champagne gives out, the economies, since our hosts themselves brought up the subject of money, are all the more glaring. Fine as the aviation pictures are, they are sadly counteracted by the long bargain-counter story built up around them.

THE first great shot in the film is toward the end of the first half when the Zeppelin looms through the clouds, clouds which part at moments to show London below. In detail we follow all the business attendant upon a bombing of that city. Inside and out, from every angle—now the long, sleek tremendous side of the thing, now the intricate machinery of its interior, its valves and pistons—the whole affair is thrown on the enlarged screen and is enormously impressive, even to its climax when it hurtles through the air in flames. This is fine. It is equalled, or almost equalled, by the later scenes of the airplane duelling, the bombing of a German munitions factory. All these scenes make the picture highly distinguished and one distinctly worth seeing.

Those little economical features, however, cannot be ignored. A long and conventional and tedious story of two brothers and a girl has been con-

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cocted for a background to this war narrative, and the talent employed for its depiction is most ordinary, most unsuited to the parts. Both Ben Lyon and James Hall convey a certain amiability of manner, and might express, with clarity, relish of a blue-plate dinner, but tragedy and poignance are beyond their capacities. Miss Jean Harlow allows herself to be almost ludicrous. Indeed, the only acting really not painful in the picture is that of Lucien Prival as the German baron, and I doubt if he as yet draws so many thousands a week in Hollywood.

"MOBY DICK," the talking version of "The Sea Beast," at the Hollywood—a version somewhat revised otherwise also, as Joan Bennett plays Dolores Costello's old rôle—displays John Barrymore to excellent advantage. There are decorative old print-like pictures of the New Bedford of whaling days, and delicately beautiful scenes of the sea and of the whaling vessel with its masts and sails and rigging. Barrymore himself suggests almost the force he showed on the stage years ago; for example when his leg is cauterized. It must be said that the whale in the picture resembles nothing so much as a vast mattress, and the big scene when it is harpooned gives a suggestion of Mr. Barrymore rampant on an Ostermoor.

Scholars occupied with theses on Herman Melville's relation to American Letters, influences, and interpretations, will find the picture highly illuminating. All that mysticism and trancendentalism and so on which make the book almost unreadable for most of us are just to be explained by the existence in Captain Ahab's life of a beautiful girl named Faith who really did love him but whom he misunderstood.

THERE is a deal of chat about Fate, Destiny, Normalcy, How-do-we-know-what-goes-on-behind-closed-doors, and such portentous matters in "Eyes of the World," at the Rivoli, from a story by Mr. Harold Bell Wright, and it must be said that a great deal of fate and destiny are necessary to account for the coincidences that make the plot possible. There is a lot of old hocus-pocus, even that vitriol-throwing business—a fad which seems to have died out—being resuscitated for a violent moment. There are the good country people and the bad, rich city people, who wear black velvet pajamas in their summer camps—the scamps!—the innocent young daughter of a her-

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mit-author of best-sellers, an artist, and the fateful old woman who suffered the vitriol episode in her youth. They all carry on quite a bit, but the bad have a change of heart at the end, and the innocent girl is to marry the artist, a conclusion presented as a happy one in the film. It is acted badly throughout, and is very badly contrived as well.

"ANYBODY'S WOMAN," with Ruth Chatterton, starts out with a lively situation. A young lawyer of position and wit in a moment of pique and drunkenness marries a girl from a burlesque troupe. Curiously enough, this feat is the most plausible thing in the picture. Their mutual problems are presented for reels and reels of tedious complications; the whole thing goes wearily to pieces, and the dawn of the proper love for a married couple in the best society no longer arouses our waned interest.

WILLIAM HAINES' picture, "Way Out West," is very minor stuff, just comics on a ranch, with a dash into a Hopi village for *divertissement* and Mr. Haines himself, his antics growing perhaps more matronly, resorting to his habitual somewhat worn-out trickeries. He does sustain, however, a highly agreeable, pleasant grin.

THERE is another minor affair with Sue Carol, "Dancing Sweeties," about a young couple who get married at a public dance hall as part of the evening's entertainment, rewarded for their contribution to the guests' pleasure with a furnished apartment (radio and all). It's an easy-going little sentimental comedy. Nothing transcendental about this one either.

—J. C. M.

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OUR DISILLUSIONED READERS

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER, Sirs:

I SEE by the advertisements that it is easy to learn to fly. I am awfully glad. Things must have changed some, because last summer I took twenty lessons in flying and it didn't seem easy to me at all. It seemed hard as hell. And look at me now—a lousy groundling, an ex-cash-customer of a flying school, writing letters to the paper.

My school was one of the best. They had many planes and many pilots. Too many, I thought. In twenty half-hours of instruction I had eleven different pilots. Each had his own method of instruction. They fell, roughly, into three general schools: (1) those who directed me by signals with their hands (right fist up, "give her more right rudder;" upward flip of the left hand, "raise your left wing;" and like that); (2) those who relied on a speaking-tube which led from their cockpit to ear phones in a helmet they gave me to wear (the helmet was always too big or too small, and alternately blew off or choked me); (3) those who used both speaking-tube and hand signals.

These pilots, all of them nice fellows, not only had different ways of getting their ideas across to me, several hundred feet off the earth, but they had different theories about what I ought to know. Pilot A believed in hours of air work—banks and climbs—before trying a single landing; Pilot B thought this was nonsense—first thing to learn was to land. Then there were the "three-point" landing men, who wanted me to set the tail down just as the wheels touched, and the "twopoint" landing men, who believed the tail could wait. There were the perfectionists—who guided my every motion over and over again; and there were the "throw him in and let him swim" type, who gave me the ship to do with as I pleased, and who tried to lure me into thinking they'd gone to sleep in the front cockpit. There were lecturers on theory, who used fifteen of my thirty minutes jawing, and there were strong, silent fellows who told me they could teach me nothing—I must learn for myself.

IN my twenty lessons, I flew in four types of ships. Every one handled differently, from the bargelike man-

IN ORCHID
GREEN
WHITE
BLACK
IVORY
BLUE
ROSE

$15.50 THE HANSON WEIGHMASTER

Guaranteed for A LIFE TIME

Beautifully finished in durable enamel. Chromium or porcelain trim. Made of unbreakable sheet steel. Light but sturdy. Its accurate six-spring lever construction provides definite advantages over ordinary two-spring scales. Thoroughly tested with government standard weights. Registers same weight wherever you stand on platform. *Will not tip.* Clear, legible dial.

HANSON SCALE COMPANY, CHICAGO
New York Office: 41 Murray Street
Phone: Walker 9447

HEALTH SCALES
. . . . . by . . . . .
HANSON

PEACE and quiet, freedom from noise and dirt. A residential section that's built and is apt to stay that way . . . An apartment hotel that's exclusive . . . and kept that way. Leases now for October occupancy.

Mayfair House
610 Park Ave., New York
at 65th Street
Edward H. Crandall
President

You May Walk All Over Town . . .

. . . consuming time and nerves, and you may find just the apartment you are looking for . . . but then again, you may phone Eldorado 2300 and have us find it for you . . . ask for one of our apartment specialists.

Gaines, Van Nostrand & Morrison, Inc.
383 Madison Avenue, Eldorado 2300

euvering of the Jenny to the Travel-Air's delicate controls. It was very amusing to have a new ship every time —no chance to get bored—but it was just like starting all over again, as far as learning to fly was concerned.

There were no major accidents, only a couple of minor ones. Once we ran out of gas. Once a motor was functioning so badly when we took off that two miles of climbing in a straight line gained us only two hundred feet of altitude, barely enough to bank around and crawl back to the field. Once I was taken up and taught (without a parachute) how to do vertical banks, spins, and figure eights. I fell out of several figure eights into spins, to come out of the spins three or four hundred feet above the ground. Once a mechanic had forgotten to screw the radiator cap on tight, and if my pilot hadn't spotted it in time it would probably have flown back and crowned him, leaving me in command. He made a forced landing and screwed it on. (It seems that the mechanic who had tuned up the engine was a student, working his way through school. He got a bad mark for the day.)

WELL, it was a lot of fun. And it killed a lot of time, for in order to get up in the air for a half-hour lesson, I used to have to hang around about three hours, sitting on an empty oil can in the sun, waiting for pilot and plane to get assembled. All it cost was five hundred dollars, of which I don't begrudge a cent, because I had a pretty good time, all in all. But I just didn't want you to think I had learned to fly.

DUNCAN BORG

•

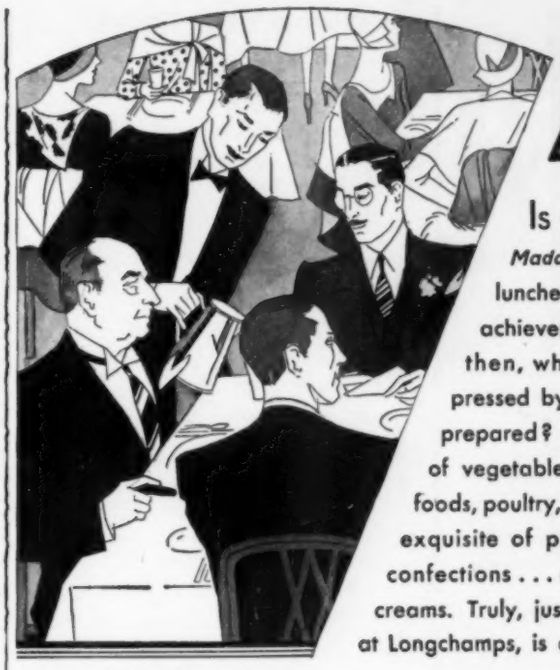
Suppose he happened to be in the bank just as a puff of wind blew a five dollar bill off one of the counters to the floor. He quickly stoops and picks it up; walks away unobserved. He goes out and a few minutes later buys bread, potatoes, coal and clothes for his children. Should you and I denounce him as an enemy of society?—*Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.*

Not till after we had got a little dope from him.

•

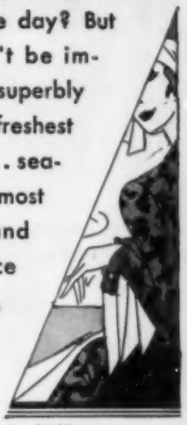
Going into the kitchen, the woman found her son's vest and trousers under the ice box. She awakened Mitchell and questioned him about where he had placed his clothing before retiring.—*Bronx Home News.*

We doubt if it mattered to Mitchell just then.



Luncheon..

Is it to be wondered at that *Madame* and *Monsieur* consider luncheon at Longchamps an achievement of the day? But then, who wouldn't be impressed by food so superbly prepared? Only the freshest of vegetables; fruits . . . seafoods, poultry, roasts . . . most exquisite of patisserie and confections . . . glorious ice creams. Truly, just luncheon, at Longchamps, is an event!



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Through to 57th Street

1015-17 Madison Avenue
Bet. 78th & 79th Streets

40 East 49th Street
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.

423 Madison Avenue
Bet. 48th & 49th Streets

55 Fifth Avenue
North-east Corner 12th Street

RESTAURANTS Longchamps

19-21 West 57th Street, Near Fifth Avenue

ALL RESTAURANTS LONGCHAMPS ARE OPEN DAILY INCLUDING ALL HOLIDAYS FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, AFTERNOON TEA AND DINNER FROM 7:00 A. M. TO 11 P. M.

"Ravishing, ain't she?" "Yeah, but what a reputation! They say she's killed off her last seven husbands by feeding them Flit in their oatmeal!"

Advertisement

A GOOD MIXER
Use Abbott's Bitters To Flavor Beverages
50c Sample for 25c in Stamps
Address Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Md.

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

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Large, new addition. Furnished or unfurnished. Serving pantries. Roof solarium. Excellent cuisine.

1 ROOM AND BATH
complete maid service and electric light
from $75 monthly

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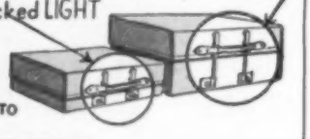
complete maid service, electric light and refrigeration
from $90 monthly

2 ROOMS AND BATH
complete maid service and electric light
from $110 monthly

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK
52 Gramercy Park N., New York
Telephone: GRAmercy 4340

LAST WEEK 33⅓% OFF

The SAME Revelation packed FULL
Packed LIGHT



ADJUSTS TO 14 DIFFERENT DEPTHS

REVELATION *Luggage*

The "Revelation" Case has no fixed capacity—it expands to 14 different sizes and meets all requirements. Available with or without keyless locks—**Sesamee.** Wide selection of fine leathers included in our annual August Sale.

LAST WEEK — 20% Reduction on all other trunks, luggage, ladies' handbags and fine leather goods....

DALE
MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK
SESAMEE
369 Madison Ave., (nr. 46th St.)
NEW YORK

STORIES OF TODAY

A MERE SHADOW

Mrs. Viola Barton,
Circus fat woman
Nationally known
As Baby Viola,
Is suing for divorce.

She charges her husband
Nagged her so pitilessly
That her weight fell off
To three hundred and sixty pounds,
Seriously imperilling
Her professional future.

EMBARRASSMENT

When Michael Sallman,
Chief of Police
Of North Arlington,
Led a raiding squad
Into a speakeasy,
He found his superior,
The Police Commissioner,
Drinking at the bar.

He saluted shamefacedly
And called off the raid.

FÜR VATERLAND

The manager of the restaurant
At the German Reichstag
Recently eliminated
White bread and oranges
From the regular menu.

He replaced these items
With rye bread
And German-grown apples
"For patriotic reasons."

SEQUITUR

Ann Wilson Stout,
Of Flemington, New Jersey,
Has just reached
Her hundredth birthday.
She ascribes her longevity
To her habit of eating
One raw onion daily
Since early childhood.

She has never married.

PURELY SELFISH

The Reverend Alfred M. Garner,
Official chaplain
For Stark County Workhouse
At Canton, Ohio,
Recently resigned
After twenty years' service.

"I got discouraged,"
He explained bitterly.
"All they care about
Is getting out."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

SNAPPY NIGHTWORK

Don't get tangled up with a battery of bottles and jars after a hard night's dancing—concentrate on Geranium Cream. Pat it on, rub it in—skin food, gentle bleach, wrinkle eradicator, contour refiner all in one... Use in the morning as a make-up foundation and your nose won't shine.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY · LASTS 6 MONTHS
At your favorite Fifth Avenue store and at Abraham & Straus Beauty Salon, Brooklyn

GERANIUM CREAM
PRODUITS NINA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

2
Choice Midtown
APARTMENTS
Easily accessible:
Maintained in the modern manner—under the personal supervision of the Owner

9 E. 96th St.
OFF FIFTH AVENUE
Overlooking Central Park
4 & 6 Rooms
with 2 & 3 Baths
Beautiful 15-story Building.
Permanent light protection.

435 E. 57th St.
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3—4—5 Rooms
15 stories of sunshine and comfort. Permanent light protection.

VERY ATTRACTIVE RENTALS
Apply supt. on premises—or
M. M. DRYFOOS
424 Madison Av. Wickersham 9170

RECENT BOOKS

Pioneers — Double-Crosser — Blind Staggers — Morbid House—French Mysteries, and Murders

THOSE travellers who are obliged to make frequent trips to California will find that a new book by the energetic R. L. Duffus answers an unexpressed desire. For even beginning with the perpetual cornfields and everlasting sunflowers of Kansas, the view from the car window suggests romance and adventure. What was this path to the West before it became a railroad? And where did the trail lead before Los Angeles or Hollywood?

Mr. Duffus' book, "The Santa Fe Trail," is therefore one that should be scattered about profusely in westbound club cars. This is a story of Western adventure and glamorous pioneering with the Zane Grey aspect carefully removed. Mr. Duffus has some good qualities as a historian. For one thing, he gives the Indians a break. The Trail really belonged to the Indians; it was no upstart affair that started with the covered wagons. It was a trade route across the plains and desert and its beginnings are legendary dreams.

Mr. Duffus has done considerable research into the adventures of those early explorers who slowly beat back the Indians and made the trail safe for ladies in hoop skirts. The pioneering Missourians endured not only the hardships arising from the vastness of the country and from its dry, beating heat but also from the outspoken sinfulness of the language of the New Mexicans.

WHAT with the heroes of Europe almost exhausted as literary material, Stefan Zweig turns his talents to that slimy villain, Joseph Fouché. Fouché was the arch double-crosser of the French Revolution and the lizard of the Napoleonic era. Here, says Mr. Zweig, is a politician. Here is a man with certain sinister abilities, with no convictions; a person who in the larger sense has no morals but who, in the smaller sense, is not a complete reprobate. He is a good husband and father and a respectable gentleman—after office hours. But he is, in all his thoughts and actions, the complete politician, the completely unworthy public official.

Mr. Zweig is angry at Fouché but he realizes that the man's life has Machiavellian humor. He has the cunning of a dishonest office boy and because he is cold-blooded and uninsultable he is able to outsmart Talleyrand and even keep Napoleon at a distance. The book is the best biography that has come along in these stagnant weeks.

CARL VAN VECHTEN deserves a severe talking to. "Parties," hopefully called a novel, shows a good talent running wild, an excellent mind in need of a curb. Mr. Van Vechten's story is a wild tale of a lot of completely uninteresting people who are eternally drunk. The book staggers through an alcoholic maze. Most of it is as tiresome as those terrible recitals of men who insist on telling you what happened last night and describe in detail the events that led up to good old George's trying to describe the fire escape of Public School 106.

"SANATORIUM" is so profoundly sad that, kind-hearted person that I am, I hate to recommend it to you. Nevertheless, Mr. D. Stewart's book deserves encouragement. It is the story of a young man who goes to an English tuberculosis sanatorium. Mr. Stewart has caught the peculiarly morbid atmosphere of the place and the unnatural hectic joys of the patients. The word "hectic," in this instance, is used in its strict and literal sense. The book is a study of the disease in all its strange hideousness and in all its pathetic hopefulness. The men who are in its grasp are like the victims of a bad spell. It is really almost unbearably sad but decidedly worth reading.

AS for this and that: Two books which belong under mysteries are worth recording. "The Thrill of Evil," by H. Ashton-Wolfe, specializes in good gruesome French crimes—stories to give you a good scare. I hope you know Mr. Ashton-Wolfe; he was once a pupil of Dr. Bertillon and I like his stories better than the more conventional thrillers. "A Book of Murder," by Frederick Irving Anderson, is a collection of really excellent murder stories. The writing is above average, the stories are original in design and succinctly told. —A. W. S.

AT BUCKWOOD INN

In the Cool of the Evening

HAVE you planned anything for the holiday week-end? Or for a September vacation?

Nothing is lacking at Buckwood Inn for thorough enjoyment of summer sport.

You'll find the marvelous Shawnee Country Club golf course, testing but not tiring . . . tennis courts in that superb condition to inspire you to top form . . . bridle paths that coax you to a daily canter through wooded parks . . . a commodious modern swimming pool for an invigorating plunge at the end of a day's play.

And in the cool of evening, music, dancing, romance, offer a soothing approach to refreshing rest.

Only three hours by motor from New York. Can you think of any better vacation spot?

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SO YOU SAVED A QUARTER WITH HOFFMAN

SPICY SPRAY? 'ATTA MISER!

Save up the quarters for silk stockings, yachts, a villa at Southampton, lessons on the sweet potato whistle! : : A Hoffman bottle holds five drinks, and costs you twenty cents. As compared with the two drinks for eighteen cents in the boy's size bottle of the night clubs. : : Two into eighteen is nine and none to carry; five times nine is forty-five; — twenty from forty-five leaves twenty-five — the quarter of a dollar — and there you are! Saved! : : (To find out why 10,000,000 New Yorkers drink Hoffman, refer to the contents of a Hoffman bottle. If it cost you money instead of saving your quarters—you'd drink it just the same!)

Fruit Beverages made from the Fruit

★ GRAPE

ORANGE • CHERRY • LEMON

RASPBERRY

• •

CLEAR COCOA BEVERAGE

AMBER GINGER ALE • CELERY

BIRCH BEER • ROOT BEER

SARSAPARILLA

CREAM SODA

And how the children love the cool, fresh-fruit taste of Hoffman Fruit Beverages! It's the fruit itself in beverage form—made from ripe, full-juiced fruit, pure cane sugar and sparkling carbonated water. A glass of Hoffman ★ Grape Beverage is like *drinking* a bunch of purple, sun-ripe grapes, luscious, refreshing, thirst-quenching.

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